

THE INAUGURATION OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.
BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

THE LEISURE HOUR

Unpublished Poems of William Cowper.



The Author of "Bon Hur" at Home

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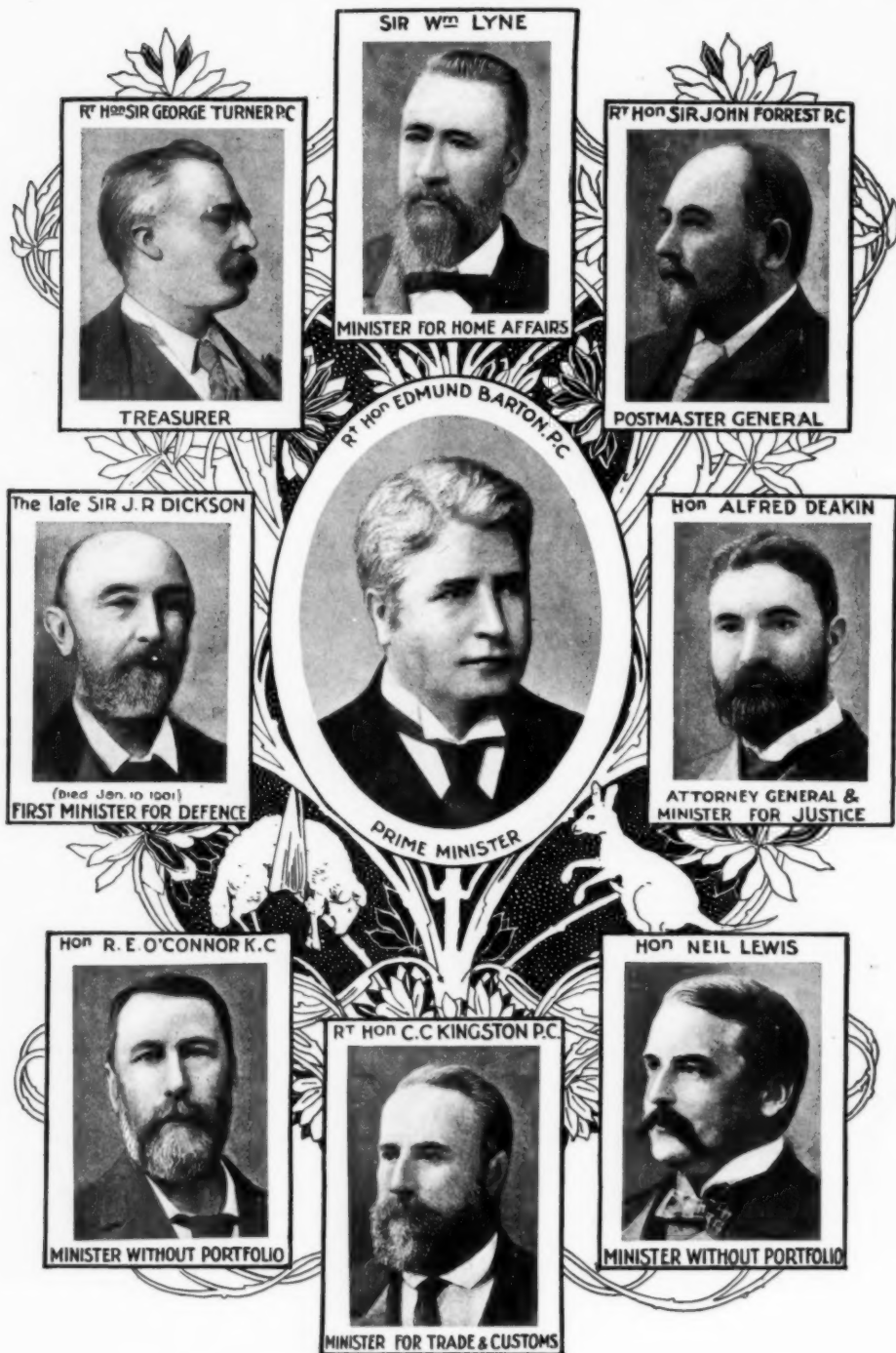
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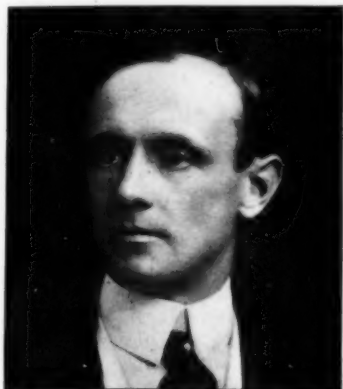
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THE FIRST MINISTRY OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH

The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN AUSTRALIA

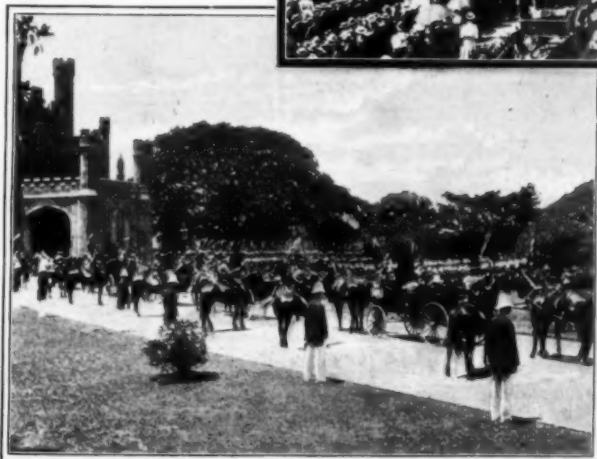


Elliott & Fry, Photographers

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN,
First Governor-General of the
Australian Commonwealth

The Arrival of the Governor-General.

WHEN the appointment of Lord Hopetoun as the first Governor-General of Australia was announced, a thrill of satisfaction was felt from one end of the Continent to the other. Lord Hopetoun was not a stranger.

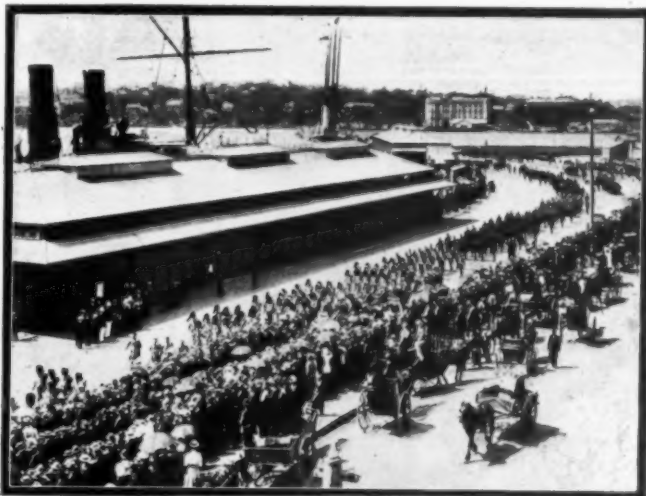


ARRIVAL OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

He had filled the important office of Governor of Victoria for five years with distinguished success. His tact and skill in the management of public business gained him the confidence of statesmen and politicians, for whatever Lord Hopetoun might do, he would act constitutionally.

Though not an orator, his clear penetrating voice and pleasant delivery had made him a favourite with public audiences, while his charm of manner had endeared him to all, both rich and poor, with whom he had come in contact. In addition he had youth still on his side, and in some ways youth has a wonderful attraction for the people of a young land.

To complete his qualifications for the office, he had filled influential posts at home, and was known to be a *persona grata* with her Majesty the late Queen.



IMPERIAL TROOPS LANDING AT
SYDNEY, DEC. 1900

Australians with one voice exclaimed, "The right man has been chosen."

Sydney, as representative of the Federating States, gave the Governor-General a royal welcome on his landing, and more than usual sympathetic interest was aroused, for Lord Hopetoun having been attacked by illness in India *en route*, every one was anxious to hear of his recovery and that of Lady

The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth



AUSTRALIAN NAVAL FORCES
IN MACQUARIE ST., SYDNEY

Hopetoun, who had been left invalided at Colombo.

His Excellency was conveyed from Adelaide to Sydney in H.M.S. *Royal Arthur*, the flag-ship of Admiral Pearson, Commander-in-Chief on the Australian station, and reached Sydney Harbour on Saturday the 15th December. His entry from the sea was a splendid naval spectacle, and there are few finer harbours in the world for a demonstration of this kind than that of Port Jackson.

Scores of steamers, gaily decorated with bunting and crowded with passengers, joined the other warships of Admiral Pearson's command and proceeded through the Heads to meet the *Royal Arthur*. The outgoing vessels formed into two lines, and through these the flag-ship made her way, while salutes were fired and the spectators cheered in their

first national greeting to her late Majesty's representative.

At the landing-place, Sir William Lyne, the Premier of New South Wales, received the Governor-General. The Premier was attended by leading political men, including Mr. Barton and Mr. Reid, Sir Matthew Harris in his robes of office as Mayor of Sydney, Professors of the University, and the officers of the military force.

Lord Hopetoun then drove through the streets of Sydney to Government House, amidst the cheering of the people.



ARCH MADE
OF WOOL

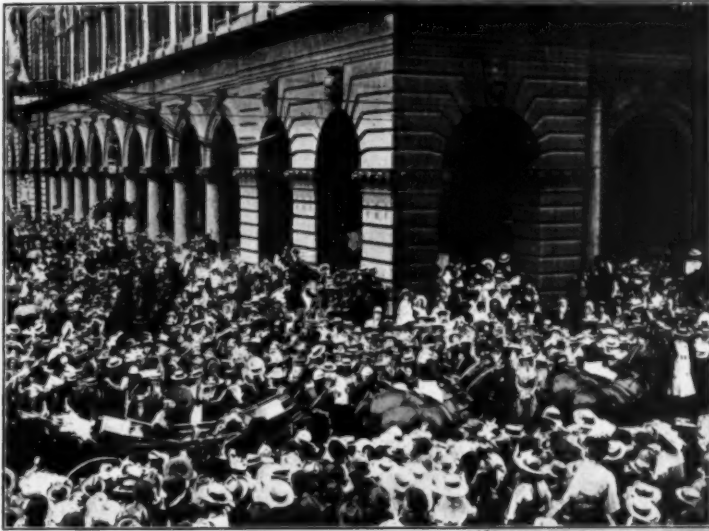
The Arrival of the Empire's Troops.

The next item of public interest was the arrival of the British and Indian troops. The war in South Africa has



INDIAN CONTINGENT OPPOSITE G. P. O., SYDNEY

The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT G. P. O., SYDNEY

during the past year greatly increased the Empire feeling throughout Australia, and her own sons have been fighting side by side with the men of the mother-land. If the people had been requested to make their choice of something specially representative of Britain at this national demonstration, they would assuredly have asked for a British regiment, in order that they might see and cheer Tommy Atkins himself, and let their children see him also, and the enthusiasm was great indeed when it was announced that one thousand men, representing the flower of the British Army, were being despatched to take part in the Commonwealth ceremonies, and that a select body of Indian soldiers was coming also.

A week after the landing of his Excellency the Imperial soldiers landed, and, escorted by the N.S.W. Lancers, began their march to the Barracks. The cavalry men marched first—the men of the Household Troops, the 1st Dragoon Guards, the 7th Hussars, and then the heroes of the famous Omdurman charge, the 21st Lancers.

They were followed by the Royal Artillery, the Foot Guards, with some men of the newest regiment in the army—the Irish Guards,—the Highlanders with their band, and then detachments of Rifles, Fusiliers, several regiments of the line, Yeomanry, Volunteers, and the Army Service and Medical Corps.

The Indian troops, one hundred strong, and all officers, swung into position after the Royal Artillery, and marching through the streets of Sydney presented an object lesson in the all-comprehensiveness of the



THE PAVILION IN CENTENNIAL PARK

Lord Hopetoun taking the Oath

Empire, such as Australia had not yet seen.

Needless to say, the reception they received was a very cordial one, though it was soon evident that the most popular men with the crowd were the Guards, the Highlanders, and the dusky sons of our Eastern Empire. The Imperial troops were commanded by Colonel Wyndham, whose manly bearing has made him a warm favourite at all public gatherings since. Colonel Peyton was in command of the Indian troops. Of the officers Captain Gordon Wilson was of special interest to Australians, not only as a Mafeking man

The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth

and the husband of Lady Sarah Wilson, but as the son of the late Sir Samuel Wilson, a well-known Australian squatter, and donor to the University of Melbourne of the magnificent hall that bears his name. Of the Indians, the man of most note to the public was Subahdar Major Thapa, a Ghoorka officer, who was Lord Roberts' orderly in the Afghan War of 1879, and who went to Kabul with him. He also accompanied Lord Roberts in the Burmah expedition, and is the possessor of the highest Indian decoration for bravery in the field.

By a remarkable coincidence, during the afternoon, a memorial was unveiled at Watson's Bay to the late Lieutenant Grieve, a young New South Wales officer who was attached to the Black Watch, and was killed at Paardeberg when Cronje surrendered. An officer and eight men of the Black Watch attended to do honour to his memory, and two of these very men had fought under Lieutenant Grieve at the time when he met his death.

Thus Britain and Australia stood with bared head in silent sorrow round an Australian monument, while the shouting of the people's welcome had hardly died away in the gradually decreasing echoes from the surrounding hills.

The Commonwealth Celebrations.

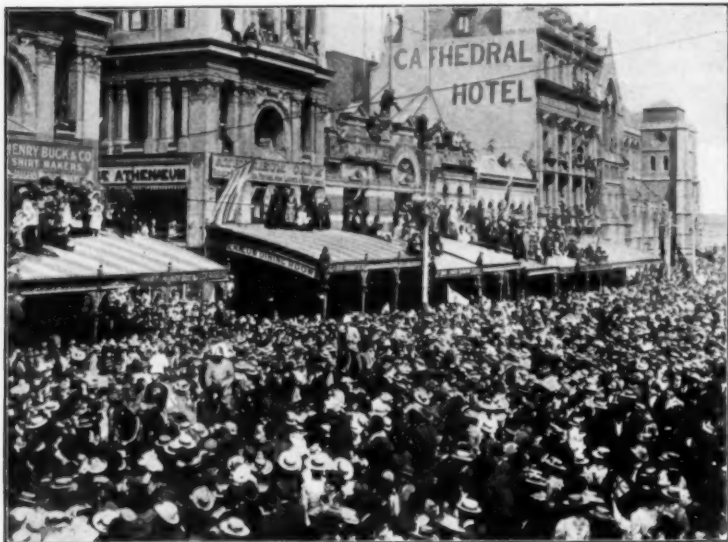
The Australian Commonwealth was inaugurated on the 1st January in the presence of nearly three-quarters of a million of people, with every accompaniment of pomp and splendour. An enormous number of invitations had been issued and accepted, and the mother-land and Canada, the Cape Colony and Natal, the Indian Empire and Ceylon, were each officially represented, and every State of the new Federation sent its legislators and leading citizens. The adjacent Colony of New Zealand sent its Premier, the Right Hon. Richard Seddon, Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice, and other visitors. The only noticeable absentees were the Governors of the various States, who had been personally requested by Mr. Chamberlain to remain in their own capitals and represent her Majesty at local celebrations.

The morning opened somewhat inauspiciously, but as the sun strengthened the clouds dispersed and "Queen's weather," broken by only one interval of shower, was the order of the day.

The streets were thronged by eight o'clock, and as Australians are novices as yet in the management of street processions, some little perturbation was felt.

But an Australian multitude is always good-tempered and orderly, and the day's proceedings passed off without any difficulty. As indicating the masses of people at various points of vantage, it may be mentioned that a well-known resident had erected a stand capable of seating ten thousand persons, and this was entirely filled at a guinea each.

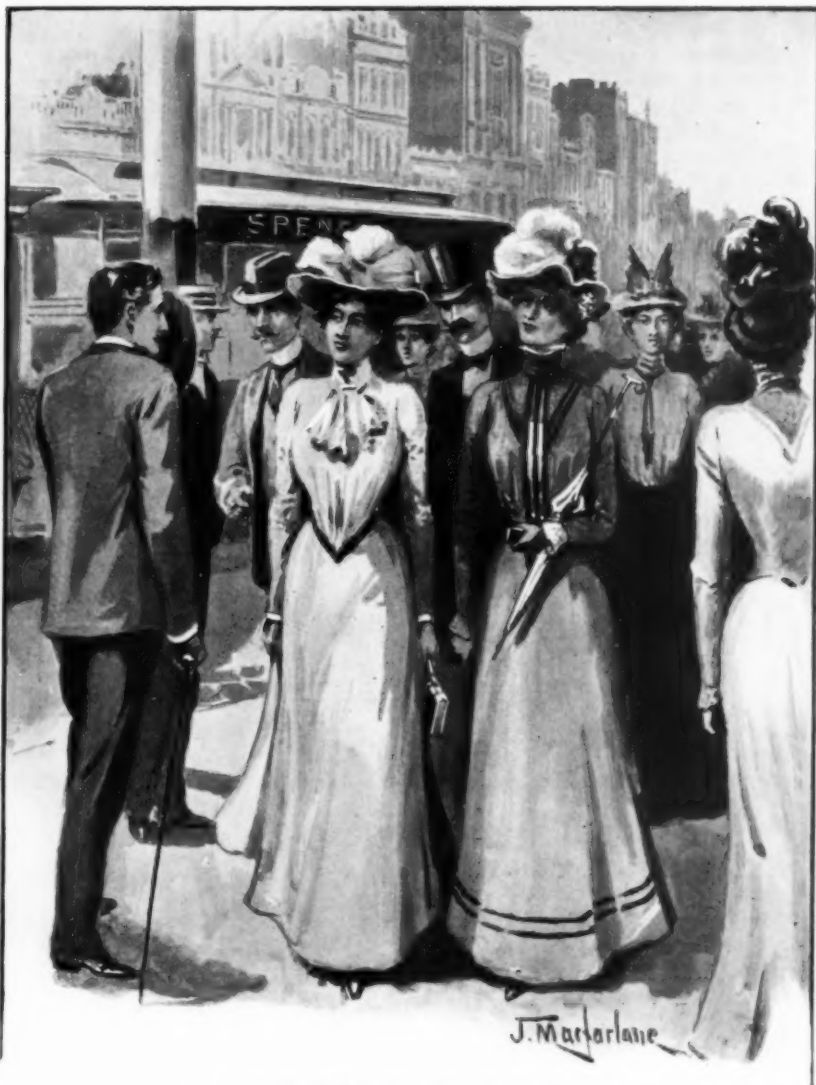
Magnificent triumphal arches had been erected



A MELBOURNE CROWD

Return of the Australian Troops from South Africa. (St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral is on the right of the picture.)

The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth



ON "THE BLOCK," COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE

along the line of march, and from every available building flags flew; and stretched across the streets were unnumbered thousands of festoons, banners, and floral devices. Great taste had been shown in the decoration of the arches, and the three great staple products of New South Wales were represented in the wheat, coal, and wool, the last of which voiced an invitation, potent to thousands of new-comers in the olden days—

"WELCOME TO THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE."

On the Military Colonnade was inscribed on one side, "To our Comrades over Seas," and on the other, "To our Comrades of the Southern Seas," while the German and American arches were eloquent of that European land which has given Australia so many of her sturdy Teuton sons, and of that land of Freedom whose hands

The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth

Australia joins to-day in protection over the myriad Islands of the Pacific. Canada and Italy were represented by groups of allegorical figures, drawn by magnificent horses on elaborately decorated State cars. The great procession extended for two and a half miles, and as it wended its way through the streets of the city to the music of a hundred bands and amid the salutations of the people, there were many who thought of that great statesmanlike figure, Sir Henry Parkes, the real father of our Federation, who saw this day and was glad—but saw it only by faith, for the veteran has gone to his rest. Nevertheless Australia says: "We will not forget the man whose name is most justly entitled to be inscribed upon the scroll of History and of Fame."

The attitude of the people was superb.

The function meant much to them, for they were at last joining the company of nations, as part of the greatest Empire the world has known. If there were no other thought uppermost in their minds, they remembered that this was the dawning day of a new century, and when the past century had opened, on these shores were only six thousand people, while behind lay a vast unknown land. Now that land is "Australia Incognita" no more, and three and a half millions of people fill her cities, till her plains, and carry her commerce far and wide. And these millions were this day uniting in a Free Commonwealth, born not of blood and strife, but of union by the people's own desire, a union upon which they were about to ask the blessing of the Almighty, under His own Southern sky, and remembering



ON THE SOUTHERN OCEAN
Back Beach, Sorrento, near Melbourne

The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth



HINDOO HAWKERS IN MELBOURNE
Entrance to Bourke St. Market

this, behind the cheering there was the reverence of men who had come at last into full nationhood.

The welcome to the visiting troops, who appeared for the first time in full-dress uniform, was magnificent, while the Aus-

The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth

tralian soldiers from each State were not second even in military bearing to their more gorgeously apparelled brethren from "Home," and their reception was generously enthusiastic, for marching in their ranks were many who for Britain's sake now bore the scars of Africa. A noticeable feature also was the presence of the Maori contingent, marching to represent New Zealand, men of fine military bearing—once hostile, now there are no more loyal soldiers of the King in all his Empire.

As the last figure in this great procession came the Governor-General in his State carriage, accompanied by his private secretary, Captain Wallington. Pale and worn with sickness, he continued bowing with animation through the whole line of march, in response to the plaudits of the people.

The Inaugural Ceremony.

The proceedings of the day culminated in the swearing-in ceremony in Centennial Park.

No finer site could have been chosen. It is a splendid natural amphitheatre, in which two hundred thousand people could assemble, and view the proceedings in comfort. At their feet lay the lovely harbour, beyond rolled the blue waters of the ocean, and within hail was that historic spot where the intrepid navigator Captain Cook had landed, and taken possession of the Continent for England.

A stately pavilion had been erected in the centre of the Park, and around it were clustered seats for the multitude of invited guests.

An artillery salute announced the arrival of Lord Hopetoun, and then the assembled officials and dignitaries ranged themselves on either side of a covered way leading to the pavilion, while Mr. Barton, Australia's first Prime Minister, waited alone to receive his Excellency.

At one o'clock, Lord Hopetoun in full uniform entered and shook hands with Mr. Barton, while the massed bands played the National Anthem, and at a signal from the Archbishop of Sydney (the Right Rev. W. Saumarez Smith), a splendid choir of four hundred voices sang the well-known hymn—

"O God, our help in ages past"—

after which he offered a special prayer

composed by Lord Tennyson, Governor of South Australia, followed by a prayer for the Governor-General, and the Lord's Prayer, concluding with the *Te Deum*.

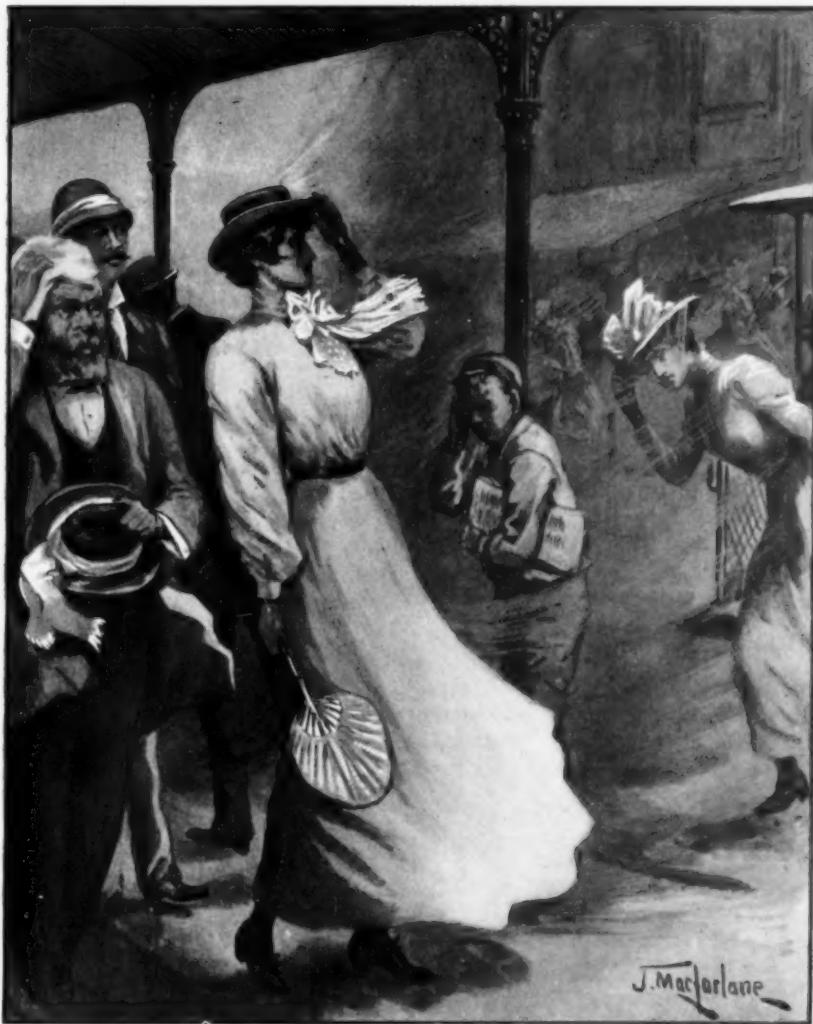
The religious ceremony being ended, Lord Hopetoun stood at the table which her late Majesty had presented to the Australian people, and upon which she had given her assent to the Commonwealth Bill, and the Letters Patent granting the Royal Assent to the Constitution Act were read by the Clerk of the Parliament of South Australia.

Lord Hopetoun's commission as Governor-General was then read, and Sir Frederick Darley, Chief Justice and Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, having administered to him the oaths of office, a Royal



FROM "THE BACK BLOCKS"

The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth



A "HOT-WIND DAY," MELBOURNE

salute announced that the Commonwealth had begun.

The members of the first Australian Ministry, with Mr. Barton at their head, were at once sworn in, and his Excellency advancing to the steps of the Pavilion read the following message from Queen Victoria—

"Her Majesty commands me to express, through you to the people of Australia, her Majesty's heartfelt interest in the inauguration of the Com-

monwealth, and her earnest wish that under Divine Providence, it may ensure increased prosperity and well-being to her loyal and beloved subjects in Australia."

The reading of this message was hailed with enthusiastic cheering, and immediately after Lord Hopetoun read a message of similar import from the Imperial Government.

A choir of fifteen thousand children's voices, representative of the young life

The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth

which will be called upon to build where their fathers have laid the foundations, gave the Federal Hymn with fine effect, and the Hallelujah Chorus, the National Anthem,

and cheers for Queen Victoria, again and again repeated, closed

A GREAT AND MEMORABLE CEREMONY.

The First Australian Ministry

The Rt. Hon. Edmund Barton, P.C.

Prime Minister and Minister of State for
External Affairs.

MR. BARTON is a native of Sydney, and was born on the 18th January 1849. He had a distinguished scholastic career, and was called to the Bar in 1871. In 1879 he entered the Legislative Assembly as the representative of the University, and at the same time passed into the front rank of his profession. In 1882 Mr. Barton was elected Speaker, and attained that post at an earlier age than any other man in an Australian Legislature, but in 1887 he resigned the Speakership and was appointed a member of the Legislative Council. He has been Attorney-General in two Administrations.

Mr. Barton has made the cause of Federation his chief work, and was returned at the head of the poll for New South Wales at the Convention elections in 1897. He was unanimously elected Leader of the Convention on its assembling in Adelaide. He is a great constitutional lawyer, and last year went to England as delegate for his Colony in connection with the passage of the Commonwealth Bill through the British Parliament. As chairman of the delegation, he was greatly instrumental in bringing matters to a successful issue, and in recognition of his work in the cause of the Union he was made a Privy Councillor on Commonwealth Day. In the practice of his profession, Mr. Barton has been engaged in some of the most im-

portant cases, and in the well-known McLharry arbitration his professional fees totalled to £8500. He has a fine presence, and a most engaging personality. He is a magnetic conversationalist, and as a *raconteur* has few equals, while to those who know him best in his home life and as a friend, he appeals in the most attractive way.

Mr. Barton is not a great public speaker and does not indulge in flights of oratory, but it is the individuality mirrored in his face which has largely contributed to the attainment of his great position.



BUTCHER'S BOY IN A MELBOURNE SUBURB

The First Australian Ministry



PICNIC AT FERN-TREE GULLY, NEAR MELBOURNE

Sir William Lyne,
Minister for Home Affairs.

Sir William Lyne is a native of the pleasant little island of Tasmania, having been born at Applaw, Great Swanport, on the 6th April 1844.

His father was a member of the Legislature in that Colony.

Sir William has long been a resident in New South Wales and a political figure of some importance there for many years. He has held office in several Ministries, and in September

The First Australian Ministry

of last year, on a vote of want of confidence being carried against the Rt. Hon. G. H. Reid, the well-known Free Trade Leader, he became Premier. He is a cautious but able administrator, and when called to action can act with extreme directness and vigour. His attitude in calling out troops for South Africa is a sufficient indication of this quality, and when the bubonic plague appeared in Sydney, he attacked it with a strenuousness that left nothing to be desired. Sir William has been much in evidence of late in connection with the welcome to the Governor-General, and it is conceded everywhere that he has done well. The only difficulty that presented itself in his being chosen as a colleague by Mr. Barton was the fact that in the struggle for the union, Sir William was a strong opponent of the Commonwealth Bill, but the politicians of Australia are gradually learning to say, "We are all Federalists now."

The Hon. Alfred Deakin,

Attorney-General and Minister for Justice.

Next to the Prime Minister himself, the most important figure in the Ministry is the Attorney-General, who was born in Fitzroy, Melbourne, on 3rd August 1856, and educated at the Church of England Grammar School and Melbourne University. He was called to the Bar in 1877. He began his Parliamentary career while yet a very young man on the staff of the Melbourne *Age*, being returned to the Legislative Assembly in 1879. He defeated a well-known and able public man, Mr. Robert Harper, by 56 votes, but an informality in the poll being discovered, he at once resigned his seat, and after a severe contest in which over 4000 votes were polled he was defeated by his former opponent by the narrowest possible majority. Shortly after, he was again returned, and has sat in the Legislature ever since. As indicative of Mr. Deakin's high character it may be mentioned that when he returned a few months ago from England, where he had been acting with Mr. Barton and others practically as an ambassador for Australia, he insisted on refunding to the State Treasurer the unexpended balance of the amount voted for his expenses.

Mr. Deakin has travelled extensively and has seen a great deal of office as a Minister, and though never actually Premier, he could have held that high post any time during the past decade. As a matter of fact it is known to the writer that the office was offered to Mr. Deakin in every new Administration formed in Victoria during that time.

Mr. Deakin is the silver-tongued orator of Australia, and a man of great charm as a public speaker. The announcement that he will speak is sufficient to draw the largest audiences. His natural inclinations are not for the Forum at all, but rather for the Study. He is not so much a great administrator as a highly cultured man of philosophic tastes.

It was Mr. Deakin who suggested the name Commonwealth for the Federation.

The Rt. Hon. Sir George Turner, P.C.

Treasurer.

The rise of Sir George Turner as a statesman is one of the surprises of Australian public life. A modest Melbourne solicitor, content apparently with a steady practice, he did not seek any public position till twelve years ago, when he was elected a City Councillor for St. Kilda, one of the aristocratic suburbs of Melbourne.

Thereafter his progress was rapid indeed. He entered the Victorian Parliament as member for St. Kilda in 1889, became Minister for Trade and Customs in 1891, and on the defeat of the late Sir J. B. Patterson, Premier three years later, so that in five years he attained the highest Parliamentary office. It fell to his lot to have charge of the Colony's finances immediately after the great financial crisis, and as a result of his rigid policy of retrenchment, Victoria was enabled to weather the storm till brighter days came.

It was largely due to his work with State Finances that Sir George has been chosen to fill the office of National Treasurer. An Australian native, he has always commanded a large following of the younger men, for he has a capacity to win and keep personal friends. He is not a man of great ability as a speaker, but he is an untiring worker, with a great grasp of detail and a determination to accomplish what he undertakes.

In 1897 he represented Victoria at the Jubilee celebrations in London, and with other visiting Australian Premiers was called to the Privy Council.

The Rt. Hon. Charles Kingston,

Minister for Trade and Customs.

Mr. C. C. Kingston, P.C., is a son of Sir George Strickland Kingston, a former Speaker of South Australia. He was born in Adelaide on 22nd October 1850, and there received his education, and was subsequently articled to Mr. (now Sir) Samuel Wray, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the State.

The First Australian Ministry

He was admitted to the Bar in 1873, and was appointed Q.C. in 1889. Mr. Kingston has had a distinguished Parliamentary career, becoming Premier in 1893, and holding that office till last year.

He was elected one of the delegates to the Sydney Convention, and while there was one of the three draughtsmen who assisted Sir Samuel Griffith, the present Chief Justice of Queensland, in preparing the Bill to constitute the Commonwealth. He was also one of the delegates to the Convention of 1897, and was appointed its President.

He visited England at the time of the Jubilee and also as a member of the delegation last year. While in London he attained some notoriety by his exceedingly pungent letters to the Press when the Bill appeared to be in danger.

Mr. Kingston is a man of great ability and scholastic attainments; a fighting Democrat of great tenacity and courage. He is a breezy, big man, an athlete in his younger days, and as a platform speaker only second to Mr. Deakin himself.



A CHINESE HAWKER, MELBOURNE

Sir James R. Dickson,

First Minister of Defence.

Sir James R. Dickson, who was chosen as Minister of Defence, died on 10th January 1901. As Premier he submitted the Convention Bill to the people in Queensland, although his own constituents were opposed to it, and the Colony as a whole only carried it by a narrow majority.

It is universally admitted that by the magnificent stand he took in this matter, Sir James practically saved the cause of union. The new Minister of Defence will hold an exceedingly responsible office, for the entire military system of Australia will have to be reorganised and placed under the supreme control of a British General.

The Rt. Hon. Sir John Forrest, P.C.

Postmaster-General.

Sir John Forrest is the strong man of West Australia, who has so left his mark there that

his name has already been incorporated into a popular proverb.

He was born near Bunbury, W. A., on 22nd August 1847, and educated in Perth. He entered the public service, and in 1869 commanded an exploring party into the far interior in search of the remains of the ill-fated Dr. Leichardt, around whose fate mystery still hangs. His second expedition proceeded from Perth to Adelaide, and as one result of this the great overland telegraph-line was erected.

Sir John was appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands and Surveyor-General in 1883, and on West Australia ceasing to be a Crown Colony he was returned unopposed for the district of which he was a native, and became Premier in December 1890. He has retained office ever since.

The *Honorary Members of the Cabinet* are the Hon. Neil Lewis (Tasmania) and the Hon. R. E. O'Connor, Q.C. (New South Wales).

A. J. WADE.
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The Awakening of Anthony Weir

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

AUTHOR OF "ONE IN CHARITY," "THE HEART OF MAN,"
"IN SPITE OF FATE," ETC.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

SHORTLY before leaving Sanlogan, his native place, to enter on the pastorate of a city church, Anthony Weir has a walk with Phillis Day, the daughter of Captain Day. He has known her since she was ten, and they have grown very fond of each other. His heart prompts him to tell her of his love, but he begins to question whether an engagement with her might not stand in the way of his advancement. When they parted next day expediency had conquered, and he spoke no word of love. Next morning he left for Workingham.

Anthony is much struck with a wonderful contralto voice which charmed the congregation during the services of his first Sunday. The singer was Miss Adela Butler, niece of Alderman Butler, the senior deacon, and was said to be an heiress in her own right. Mr. Wembly, a distiller, had already been attracted by her, and on her account had presented a fine organ to the church.

Anthony now gets rooms of his own. His landlady is a Roman Catholic, and the only other lodger is a curate, Mr. Colvin, who, with a stipend of £100 a year, lives on a pound a week and gives away the rest.

Fever breaks out in a poor district of Workingham, and several of the members of Anthony's church are down with it. Anthony is afraid to visit them, and when Tim the shoemaker comes to fetch him to the bedside of a dying man, Anthony takes to his bed. The doctor is called in, finds him somewhat run down, and advises a change. The deacons give Anthony three months' leave, and Mr. Bilstone, the auctioneer, invites him to accompany him to Nice. When at Nice he visits Monte Carlo, and is greatly fascinated by the sight of the roulette-tables. At last he is on the point of yielding to the temptation to play, when he sees a young fellow rise from a table in despair and attempt to shoot himself. This checks Anthony's infatuation.

Soon after Anthony's return to Workingham, he asks Adela Butler to marry him. She thinks she does not love him sufficiently, and asks him to wait a while. Anthony pays a visit to his home at Sanlogan, and finds Phillis Day quite indifferent to him.

Hugh Colvin goes on a holiday visit to a fishing-village near Sanlogan, and there accidentally meets with Phillis Day, of whom he has never heard Anthony Weir speak. She introduces him to Anthony's father and mother. Hugh sees that Phillis no longer cares for Anthony.

CHAPTER XXIV.—PERPLEXITY

"Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."

AS the autumn and winter wore away, there were two people at least in Workingham who remained in a state of considerable perplexity—Adela Butler and Rachel Luke. But from very different causes. Adela's perplexity rose from the state of her own heart, Rachel's from the state of other people's.

Adela had received two offers of marriage, and she did not know which to accept, or whether to accept neither. Had she been five years younger she would have adopted the latter alternative, for neither offer quite satisfied her ambition, but when a woman is nearer thirty than twenty, she cannot afford to be quite as particular as in the heyday of her youth, unless she is willing to run the risk of being a spinster all the days of her life. And Adela was not quite willing to run that risk. In spite of her fortune, of her almost unlimited freedom, she shrank from a life of single blessedness.

She liked authority; and she knew that her ambition would never be fully satisfied until she had authority over some particular man—until there was some creature of the male sex that she could speak of as "mine." Some people might be quite satisfied when they could speak of "my servants" and "my horses" and "my carriage." But there was another possession that carried far more weight and dignity. No really ambitious woman could be satisfied until she could speak of "my husband." That really was the *Koh-i-noor* of all possessions, provided of course he was docile and obedient, and always did what he was told without grumbling.

Still even the possession of a husband, and a husband of the very best kind, had its drawbacks, and she was anxious that the compensation should be real and substantial.

Like other women she had dreamed of love, of a love that should be all-conquering, that should dominate every other interest and consideration, that should be abundant compensation for every other lack; but she was beginning to despair

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of its realisation. She had had any number of suitors, but none of them had awakened in her that all-conquering passion that she had so often read of in books. As a matter of fact the shield of her ambition was so strong that the shaft of Cupid had not been able to pierce it, and ambition was the ruling factor in her life.

But now she had reached a crisis and was faced by two or three perplexing considerations. The first was that, if she did not marry soon, the chances were she would not marry at all. The second was, whether she would best attain her ambition by marrying or by remaining single. And the third was, if she did marry, which of the two men who had proposed to her was the more desirable?

After much cogitation and heart-searching, and any number of discussions with her friend Fanny Tomms on the abstract question, she had decided the first and second considerations in favour of matrimony. The only question that now remained to be settled was whether the favoured individual should be Dick Wembly or Anthony Weir.

As far as mere liking was concerned, Dick Wembly stood first. He was more masculine, if the term may be allowed, and more masterful. There would be more glory in possessing and ruling a masterful man, than in ruling a man who was deferential and meek. But then, on the other hand, he was a mere nobody in spite of his wealth, and the chances were he would remain in obscurity to the end of the chapter. There had been a talk some months previously that he was to be adopted as one of the candidates for the Fishpool division of Workingham, but it had come to nothing. When it came to the test an unknown stranger had been elected. No! Dick with his gold and his hobby for music was but a very obscure individual after all.

If he had been adopted as the Parliamentary candidate it would have made all the difference. To be the wife of an M.P.—though he were a mere noodle—from a social point of view, was not to be thought lightly of. There were receptions at the house of the Speaker. There were dinners given by the heads of the party. There were teas on the Terrace of the House of Commons. There were grand garden parties arranged for electioneering purposes. Oh, yes, to be the wife of an M.P. was something very

considerable, though he might be a mere voting-machine in the House.

But, alas! Dick was not an M.P. and was never likely to be, and for her to expect to gain any kind of distinction by marrying him seemed just as hopeless as crying for the moon.

On the other hand, Anthony Weir was a man of note, not in the social world perhaps, and certainly not in the political world. But in the religious world he was filling an increasingly large place. Even in the literary world he was beginning to be known, for he had recently published a volume of addresses that had met with a very cordial reception. He was also a contributor to the religious press, and every month as it passed added something to his popularity. In a few years, no doubt, he would get an honorary D.D. or LL.D. from some University, no matter where, and then of course he would always be known as Dr. Anthony Weir—that would sound very well, and the wife of such a man would share his honours, and would have a very distinct position.

Up to this point the scale turned in favour of Anthony; but there was something to be put in on the other side. A minister's wife was, after all, a target for every one to shoot at who cared to do so. People were so exacting and expected so much of her. She had to be so circumspect and polite. She had to listen to everybody's complaints and steer a difficult course between conflicting views, and never to have an opinion of her own.

When Adela reached this point in her reasoning the scale turned in favour of Dick.

"Oh, dear, no," she said to herself, "I believe in doing what I like, because I like to do it, and for no other reason. Self-effacement and esteeming others rather than oneself don't suit my style of beauty," and she laughed not altogether pleasantly.

So day after day passed away and she seemed to get no nearer a decision. Now she inclined to Dick and now to Anthony. Yet all her pity was for herself. She never considered what the two men suffered, torn on the rack of suspense.

On the whole Dick was the greater sufferer. He loved Adela Butler after his own fashion, that is, he loved her more than he loved any one else outside himself. Moreover, he was anxious to avoid a conflict with Anthony Weir if possible—not a conflict in the ordinary acceptance of the word, for

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there would be no public or private quarrel. It was his policy to keep on the best possible terms with the young minister, to avoid as far as possible everything that by the slightest chance should awaken suspicion. And provided he did not come between him and Adela Butler, he would never have any reason to complain of his treatment.

But—and Dick's face always darkened at the thought—if Anthony Weir stole from him the one woman in the world he had set his heart upon, he would wish he had never been born.

Adela still treated Dick with great consideration, except in this one thing—she would not put an end to his suspense, nor would she even say when he might look for an answer.

Adela often went across to see her friend Mrs. Tomms, and discussed with much animation the abstract question of matrimony, but she kept her secret carefully locked up in her own heart.

Also she interested herself in the rumours that began to get into circulation relative to a probable engagement between Paul Vincent and Miss Luke, and wondered why it was that men so often engaged themselves to plain and unattractive women.

One day she met Rachel in the street, and after a few commonplaces, asked her if she knew when the engagement was likely to be announced.

"Engagement?" Rachel questioned with wide and wondering eyes.

"Why, yes, of course. You are not going to profess, are you, that you have heard nothing about it?"

"Well, really," Rachel laughed, "I have heard nothing of any prospective engagement but your own."

"Not of your cousin's?"

"Which cousin?"

"Jane, of course."

For a moment Rachel's lips parted in a smile of incredulity, then her face grew suddenly grave, as in a flash she saw what Adela Butler meant.

"I have heard nothing," she said at length, with a little catch in her voice.

Adela laughed. "Why, it is getting to be the talk of the town," she said.

"Is it? I did not know," and her face grew very white as she spoke, which, however, Adela did not notice.

"Well, you know of course they have been a great deal together?"

"You mean Mr. Vincent and my cousin?"

"Why, who else has ever been seen with her?"

"I really do not know. Has he been seen a great deal with her? I know she has been assisting him a good deal at the mission, but—but—"

"You did not know they had been making love to each other, eh? Well, I suppose it is only natural. Their sympathies appear to run in the same direction, and there can be little doubt she will make an excellent minister's wife. But I cannot understand you knowing nothing of it all."

"But is there really an engagement?" Rachel questioned, making a desperate effort to keep her voice steady.

"That is just what I'm curious to know," Adela said, with a light-hearted laugh. "The general impression seems to be that if they are not engaged now they will be very soon."

Rachel did not say any more, but for the rest of the day she moved about the house like one in a dream. She had no time to think the matter out quietly in the solitude of her own room. Her share—and more than her share—of household duties had to be got through whatever happened. Of late she had been kept at work more closely than ever. It seemed to her sometimes as if her aunt and cousins were determined that she should make up for her summer holiday by doing double duty. Her time for recreation was being grievously curtailed, and worse than all, her power to serve with satisfaction seemed to be deserting her.

Of late she had been constantly getting into trouble; she was perpetually doing things in the wrong way, or else neglecting them altogether—at least that was what her aunt and cousins said. She had tried to do things as she had always done them, indeed she had tried to do things better, but her skill appeared to be leaving her. The more earnestly she tried, the more mistakes she seemed to make.

Her cousin Jane told her bluntly one day that she didn't earn her food, and that if her lot had been cast among strangers she would be dismissed in a week as utterly incompetent.

On the afternoon in question she earned more blame than usual; and she made no attempt to excuse herself. She knew that she was absent-minded, and while attempting to fix her thoughts upon some particular thing, she was thinking all the time of something else.

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She did her best to keep back the tears when her aunt spoke crossly to her.

"I know I have been careless, aunt," she said humbly, "but I will try to do better."

"If your performances were half as good as your promises," her aunt snapped, "there would be some hope for you," and she marched out of the room.

She sighed wearily when at length—her day's labour done—she stole slowly to her own room. She made no attempt for a long time to get into bed. Sitting in a low basket-chair, with her face in her hands, she tried to think, tried to put two and two together, but simple as the sum was, for some reason or other it never came out right.

For weeks and weeks she had dreamed of Paul Vincent in her quiet moments, and she tried to convince herself that it was not entirely her own fault that she did so. He made her think of him in some way; he had always been so kind and sympathetic. Had looked at her with such gentle eyes. Had spoken to her in tones so low and musical. And he was so big and strong and masterful. She had puzzled herself day after day, and night after night, as to what he could mean. Why did he look at her as he did? Why did he press her hand until she could almost cry out with pain? Was it merely a way he had? Did he treat all young women like that?

She said to herself that she would never have thought of him for a moment, only that her life was so lonely and friendless, and no one else had pierced the outer husk of her misery as he had done. Moreover, he was so different from most of the men she knew. So different from her uncle, whom all her life nearly she had tried to reverence and admire.

She had grown weary of the eternal smile that her uncle had cultivated through long years of effort behind the counter and in front of it. She never had liked it, but she liked it less than ever since she had known Paul Vincent.

People said that Paul was stern-looking, that his face was rugged and almost repellent. But that made his smile all the more



COULD IT BE TRUE? SHE WONDERED

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beautiful when he did smile. The smug eternal smirk of her uncle had rubbed out all character, and left it devoid of all expression; but Paul's face was like the mountains or the sea, always changing and always responsive to every outside influence, now it was mysterious with storm or tempest, now bright and almost beautiful in the glory of the sunshine. Why had this man won her reverence and her trust if—if— But she could not finish the sentence—it could not be possible.

And yet now that her suspicions had once been aroused, there were a dozen little things that gave to them meaning and reality. Not a week passed now, but he came to the house, sometimes more than once. It could not be her that he came to see, for frequently she never came into the room where he was—her aunt and cousins took care of that—and when she did see him, it was always in the presence of others.

She knew too that her cousin was often with him at the mission. That was inevitable, since her religion had taken such a practical turn. Nevertheless, it was a trouble to Rachel that Jane's increased religious activity abroad made her more and more ill-natured and exacting at home.

Also she remembered bits of conversations that she had overheard, vague hints that had been let fall at different times. Mysterious whisperings and glances between Jane and Jessie, and special anxiety about her toilette when Mr. Vincent was in the house.

Could it be true, she wondered? Try as she would she could not shirk the question. It haunted her like some evil spirit. The question of love had scarcely occurred to her. It was in the light of a friend that she had regarded Paul Vincent. She felt that she could confide in him if ever she got into serious trouble.

Yet now the mere friendship theory seemed to break down. What was to hinder him from being her friend still? If he married Jane he would be a relative.

But the thought was agony to her. She wondered if she were jealous. But jealousy meant love. Could it be possible that she had fallen in love with this big, shy, plain-speaking man without being asked? She tried to put aside the idea as utterly absurd. Nothing seemed clear to her except that she was very miserable, and that her power of extracting all the brightness there was in life seemed to have left her.

Meanwhile, Paul Vincent was blundering along in the blindest and stupidest way possible. Every day he kept hoping that some chance would throw him in the way of Rachel, and every day Miss Luke contrived that nothing of the kind should happen. He still cultivated the society of the latter, in the hope that through her he would reach the former. But in the game of diplomacy he had no skill whatever. He was too ingenuous and transparent. Miss Luke could outwit him at every move. He had not skill enough to hide his hand; and yet was so intent upon playing his game, that he never once imagined that a game was being played against him.

While everybody else could see how matters were drifting, he went blindly on. He was ever looking so far ahead that he did not see the mesh that was being woven round his feet. His love for Rachel made him blind to the little ways of her cousin.

His eyes were opened suddenly and unexpectedly.

CHAPTER XXV.—AN OPPORTUNITY

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

"SO I hear you are contemplating matrimony, Vincent?"

It was Anthony Weir who spoke. The two young men were sitting in Anthony's study.

Paul Vincent blushed like a school-girl, and wondered how in the world Anthony Weir had got to know. His love for Rachel was such a sacred thing that he had never breathed it to a single soul. Hence this sudden question probed him to the very depth of his being, and almost staggered him. How could anybody know? How could anybody even guess?

He looked up at length, still blushing, and stammered, "Who—who—said so?"

Anthony laughed. "Well, what a question when everybody is saying the same thing."

"Everybody?" and a look of bewilderment crept into his eyes.

"Well, everybody in our circle. Why, man alive, do you think it is possible to pay such marked attention to a young lady as you have been doing without people talking about it and drawing their own conclusions?"

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"But—but," stammered Paul, still thinking of Rachel, "I—I have not—that is, I have not had an opportunity."

Anthony laughed again. "Oh, you modest men, how shy you are. But you must be very exacting. Most lovers would be glad of so much."

"I really don't know how you can say that," Paul answered, looking quite troubled, "you are evidently trying to draw me by drawing on your own imagination."

"My dear fellow," Anthony said, "it is too late in the day to play a game of bluff. You had better own up and get the congratulations over. And really, in all seriousness, I cannot help thinking that you have made a very wise choice."

"Oh, you needn't tell me that," Paul answered, taken off his guard. "But—but—"

"Oh, there are 'buts' in everything," Anthony interrupted. "And life you know is a compromise; but everything considered, you could not have done better."

"But it isn't done yet," Paul stammered.

"You mean officially. But that is a mere detail. Everybody will congratulate you, I am sure. All the surprise of the thing has worn off. She may not be exactly young—"

"Not young?" thundered Paul.

"I beg pardon, Vincent. I meant, of course, that she is not a mere girl just out of her teens."

Paul threw back his head and laughed derisively.

"A lot you know about it," he said.

"Oh, well," Anthony answered, with a pitying smile, "you ought to know of course."

"No doubt I ought."

"But after all, the question of age is a mere detail. The question of affinity is in my judgment the most important matter, and then comes the question of means."

"The question of means?" Paul interrupted. "What means?"

Anthony lay back in his chair and smiled broadly. The way this big, shy, simple-hearted fellow tried to fence was quite comical.

"Now look here, Vincent," he said, "let me entreat you to give up this game of bluff. It isn't your forte, it isn't really. You are altogether too honest and transparent for the game."

"But I'm not bluffing," Paul replied with just a touch of indignation in his tone.

"Do you mean to tell me honestly that you have never considered the question of the girl's fortune?"

"I've never considered anybody's fortune in my life, and I never intend to."

"Then so much the better. I don't think it a wise thing to marry merely for money. Nevertheless, it is very necessary for a minister to go where money is; and that you have evidently done."

"Look here, Weir," said Paul, "isn't it time we gave up fooling? I confess that for the life of me I can't tell what you are driving at."

"Oh, nonsense, man. For months you have been paying marked attention to Miss Luke, she has been helping a good deal at the mission I know. But you don't suppose that people are blind, do you?"

"And are they saying that we are engaged?" he questioned with a gasp.

"They are saying that if you are not, it is time you were."

Paul clenched his hands and stared at the fire.

"You don't seem to take one's congratulations very gratefully," Anthony said after a pause.

"One's gratitude is sometimes beyond expression," was the cynical answer. "But I am grateful, nevertheless, for what you have told me," and he rose abruptly, and with a hurried good-afternoon left the house.

For awhile he wandered up and down the streets, feeling as though his brain were on fire. The wind was bitterly cold, but he scarcely felt it. Now and then he raised his hat that its cool breath might play upon his temples. He saw everything now, and all too clearly. What a fool he had been. How blindly he had stumbled toward the wreck of his dearest hopes.

"Oh, Rachel, Rachel!" his heart cried within him. "In trying to win you, I'm afraid I have lost you."

After awhile he found himself in the quiet and almost deserted neighbourhood of Cambridge Park. He had no particular object in going into that neighbourhood. He felt as though he could never call on the Lukes again. Yet Rachel lived there, and a glimpse of her face just now would be as heaven to him.

The short winter's day was hastening rapidly to its close. In the town, the street lamps were already lighted, but out in this quiet and fashionable suburb, a few minutes

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sooner or later made no difference. There was little or no traffic to be inconvenienced, even if the lamps were not lighted at all.

At one of the corners stood a pillar-box, and coming toward it was a hooded figure just distinguishable in the swiftly gathering darkness. No one else was about. Paul was walking slowly from the opposite direction. Would they meet at the pillar-box? No, she reached it first, for she was evidently in a hurry to post her letters and get back again.

For a moment she paused and counted the letters she carried, then dropped them into the box, and turning quickly round began to retrace her steps.

Paul could not see her face, but the eyes of love are sharp. There was something in the poise of the well-shaped head. Some curve or movement in the dainty and lissome figure. Some peculiarity in the step perhaps. Anyhow, his heart gave a sudden bound.

"That's Rachel," he said, and he hurried after her. There was no time to lose. The pretentious villa of the Lukes' was only a few hundred yards away. If he missed this opportunity of speaking to her he might not have another for weeks or months. He remembered how once before he had been dumb when he might have spoken. Oh, had he spoken then he might have prevented the trouble that he saw looming ahead now. Perhaps he was too late now. He did not know. Speak, he felt he must, and speak he would, if he had but the ghost of an opportunity.

The dainty-hooded figure was tripping rapidly on in front of him. What should he do? If he ran she would hear his footsteps, and perhaps get frightened and scream, and then he would have all the neighbourhood round him.

There was only one other alternative, and he adopted it. "Rachel!" he called.

There was no noise of traffic to drown his voice, the wind carried it swiftly to her ears.

Instantly she stopped and turned round. She had been told to hurry back at once. But she could not resist that voice, she would know it among a thousand.

He hurried swiftly up to her and seized her trembling hands.

"Rachel," he said. (He had always called her Miss Rachel before.) "I want you to listen to me for a moment."

"Yes?" she questioned simply. Her

heart was beating too fast for her to say another word then.

"You have heard that I have been making love to your cousin?" he said, speaking rapidly.

She bowed her head in token of assent. She felt she could not speak.

He still held her hands, and she made no attempt to withdraw them. He felt them fluttering like timid birds in his strong grasp, and it sent a ray of hope through his heart.

"I want to tell you it is not true," he said. "I have never made love to your cousin or to any other woman. I never knew what love was until I saw you. It is you I love, Rachel Luke. You! Do you understand? I have loved you from our first meeting, and I shall love you till I die. I do not know what will become of me. God only knows. But it is you I love; you must understand that. There is no other woman in the world for me, Rachel Luke, and never can be. Never! Never! No, don't draw away your hands. I am not going to blame you if you don't care for me. I'm a big blundering idiot, as everybody can see. But I love you, Rachel—love you. You cannot understand how much. Nobody can. No words can tell it. If I have been foolish, it has been for your sake. I wanted to get near to you, to see you sometimes. Oh, little girl, don't be too hard on me for loving you too much. Love has made me blind to all other issues. Do you understand, Rachel? Do you? And will you believe, whatever people may say, or whatever may happen in the future, that I love you, and that I shall always love you? Will you believe that, little one? Will you? Will you?"

"Yes, I will." Her voice was almost a sob. It was the first opportunity he had given her of speaking, and now he misunderstood her. He detected the sound of tears in her voice and thought it meant only pity.

"Thank you! Thank you!" he answered. "I knew you were kind and would pity me. Now I will let you go. Ah, you tremble, I had forgotten how cold it was. I have been a brute to keep you here in this bitter wind so long. But to-morrow, and the day after and on to the end, you will know that I have loved you and love you still. And only when my heart stops shall I cease to love you. No; and not

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"WILL YOU BELIEVE THAT, LITTLE ONE?"

even then, for I shall love you in heaven. Good-bye, little girl, good-bye."

And without another word he turned and strode away into the darkness. Rachel

stood and looked after him as if rooted to the spot. She had no strength to call him back. She had scarcely power to think. He had come upon her so suddenly, had

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talked with such passion and vehemence, had disappeared so quickly that she hardly knew if she were not dreaming.

The next moment the lamplighter appeared, and with a little gasp she turned quickly and hurried back to the house. She did not go in at the front door, she was afraid of being seen by her aunt or cousins. She knew that her cheeks were flaming crimson; her heart was beating so fast that she could hardly get her breath. Her hands were still trembling violently.

Pushing open the side door, which was usually unlocked, she came face to face with her cousin Jane.

"Have you only now come back from posting the letters?" was the sudden question.

"I have not been long," was the trembling answer.

"Not long! You must have been a quarter of an hour. Who have you been gossiping with?"

"I have not been gossiping at all."

"But you must have seen some one who has kept you."

"Well. What then?"

"Then you have been talking to some one?"

"Yes, I have."

"I knew it. I told Jessie so. No one would stay out in the cold for nothing. Who have you been with?"

"Mr. Vincent."

"Mr. Vincent! Then why did he not come on here?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask him."

"Did you expect to meet him?"

"No, I did not."

"What has he been saying to you?"

"I shall not tell you," the answer came sudden as a flash. She wondered at her courage afterwards.

Jane started back as though she had received a blow.

"You dare say that to me," she almost shrieked, "you—you?"

"Yes, I dare," was the reply. Rachel had quite recovered herself by this time. Indeed, she had more than recovered herself; for the moment she felt that she could face a den of lions. Nothing troubled her now since Paul Vincent loved her. He would always be as a refuge for her.

Jane had never seen Rachel defiant before, and she did not understand it. Moreover, she argued, there must be some special reason for her defiance. If Paul

Vincent had said nothing to her but what any one might hear, why did she make a secret of it?

Jane had no courage left to pursue the battle further. She had been jealous of Rachel for months past. She had not forgotten how on his return from his holiday he had asked to see her. And though she had taken very good care that Rachel should have very little chance of meeting him since, there had always been an uneasy feeling in her heart that this pauper cousin of hers was her rival. Her love for Rachel had never been great—people rarely love their poor relations with passionate fondness—but of late such love as she had had, had died out altogether, and had given place to a very different feeling.

"You will please not come into the drawing-room to-night," she said when she had recovered herself. "Such conduct in a dependent is intolerable," and without waiting for a reply she turned and walked away.

Rachel waited until the door closed behind her, then hurried up the stairs to her own room, her cousin's words had stung her to the quick. Such taunts people never get used to. Rachel had tried her hardest, but any allusion to her poverty was just as hard to bear as at the first.

Falling on her knees by her bedside she hid her face in her hands. "Oh, I wish I could earn my own living," she moaned. "I wonder if I could get a situation as help, or housemaid, or nurse? Anything would be better than these perpetual taunts. But then, who will employ me? Who will give me a reference? Who will believe me in face of what others would say?"

But this mood quickly passed away. "Oh, I don't think I mind anything now," she said, and she sat down on the floor and hugged her knees. "No, I don't think I mind anything," and a light broke over her face like a gleam of summer's sunshine, and into her eyes came a look of surprise and wonder. It was all so new and strange that she was not able to grasp its significance yet. For awhile she swayed herself to and fro, heedless of the cold and of the flight of time.

"Paul Vincent loves me," she kept saying to herself. "Loves me. Not Jane, but me. He called me little girl, and told me again and again that he loved me. No,

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I was not dreaming. I am not dreaming now. I am wide awake; my fingers are aching yet, he squeezed them so. Oh yes, he loves me."

She did not ask herself if she loved him. That was a phase of the matter that did not seem to occur to her. She did not trouble that he had not asked her if she cared for him in return. Everything in good time. For the present one great fact was sufficient, it filled all her heart and life. Paul Vincent loved her.

Meanwhile, Miss Luke was in a state of considerable perturbation, and remained so during most of that night and during the whole of the next day. She was, however, a woman of resource and of great determination. She saw that the matter would have to be brought to a head. She had staked a great deal on this throw, and she was not going to let the prize slip if she knew it. Looking at the matter all round, she did not see how Paul Vincent could very well escape. No minister could afford to raise a scandal, and there would be a scandal if he tried to get out of the net. She had carefully planned things so that they should be constantly seen together. She had received letters from him when he had been from home, which everybody knew. She had carefully dropped little hints, which in the mind of the public meant one thing and one only. No, from every point of view, as far as she could see, his reputation was so completely involved that he would make no attempt to shirk the inevitable.

During the day she carefully arranged her plans. In the evening she would see him at the mission. She was rather excited as the time drew near, but she kept herself well in hand. Jessie offered to accompany her, as the night was more than usually dark, but she preferred, she said, to go alone, and Jessie had no strong desire to go into the neighbourhood of Burt Street.

The mission was prospering. The attendance was excellent, but the pastor seemed scarcely himself. At the close he showed a disposition to get out of the place without saying good-night to any one.

Miss Luke, however, was not to be outwitted. She had a special purpose to-night, and she meant to see it through. When she waylaid him, he would have said "good-night" and disappeared if she would have let him. But she knew better.

"Oh, Mr. Vincent," she said, "I have had a little fright and feel quite timid, would you mind seeing me part of the way home?"

Thus appealed to, what could he do or say? His mind did not work rapidly enough to frame a reasonable excuse on the spur of the moment. Moreover, who could say no to a lady under such circumstances?

So her opportunity came, and she was careful to make the most of it.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A TIGHT CORNER

"There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty."

FOR some distance Paul and his companion pursued their way in silence. He keeping as close to the edge of the side-walk as possible, she allowing no gap between them. At length a drunken man reeled against her, and with a little cry she seized Paul's arm.

"Oh, I am so frightened," she said, "let me keep close to you."

"We shall soon be in better-lighted streets," he replied stiffly, "when you will be quite safe."

A moment later they met Mr. Wherry, who said "good-night," smiled knowingly and passed on.

Paul bit his lip almost angrily. To be seen walking arm-in-arm with Miss Luke was most annoying. Wherry would be certain to talk about it, and people would draw further conclusions.

A little further on they met a group of Martyr Gate people returning evidently from some meeting. Paul wanted to break away from his companion and run for his life. But Miss Luke's grip tightened on his arm. Moreover, running away would not mend matters.

Miss Luke on the whole seemed pleased that so many people should recognise them, and returned their "good-nights" most graciously. Paul almost wished that the ground would open at his feet and swallow him up. He saw that he had all unwittingly walked into a trap, and how he was to get out of it was a problem that completely baffled him.

"It is so kind of you to walk home with me," Miss Luke said at length. "I feel so safe with you,"—and she pressed his arm gently—"you are so strong and fearless—

The Awakening of Anthony Weir

and—and—do you know—I do so admire strong men."

"Indeed!"

"I know you think me a silly little thing," she said with a giggle, and she pressed his arm again. "You men who are so strong and fearless, and self-reliant, have no sympathy with us timid women."

Paul scarcely heard what she said, for he was wondering all the time how he should make his escape. But realising that some kind of reply was expected of him, he remarked indifferently, "Do you think so?"

"Now don't you think so yourself?" and she pressed his arm even more tightly than before.

"Well, really," he said, "I fear I have not considered the matter."

"Then it is quite time you did," and she looked up into his face and smiled. "You cannot go on thinking of yourself all your life, that would be very selfish, and indeed I do not think you do. Now do you?"

"Well, I hope not," and he stared straight in front of him and thought of Rachel.

"Then you do think occasionally of other people?"

"Yes, occasionally."

"I wonder if you ever think of me," and she placed her other hand on his arm and locked her fingers tightly.

"Why do you ask a question like that?" he said abruptly.

"Can you wonder that I should, when people have talked so much about us as they have done lately? You know, for a timid retiring girl it is very trying. People say of course that you do think a great deal of me," and she looked coyly up into his face and wondered if she was blushing.

"People are always talking of matters they know nothing about," he said shortly.

Miss Luke winced, but pretended not to notice the tone in which it was spoken. She was finding her task a very difficult one, but she had no intention of seeing herself defeated.

"To a man of course it does not matter so much what people say, but to a young girl it matters everything. Take my own case for instance, people will persist in saying that we are engaged. You will pardon me mentioning it, won't you? but it has become the talk of the town."

"So I suppose," he snapped. "I wish people would mind their own business."

"It is very annoying of course that people

will talk so," she simpered, "but—but—oh, Mr. Vincent, cannot you sympathise with me in the very difficult position in which I am placed?"

"What difficult position do you refer to?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Vincent, why will you drive me to say things that a young girl naturally shrinks from saying?" she questioned pathetically.

"Pardon me, I have no wish to drive you to say anything," he said sternly.

"And yet I must speak to you," she answered. "For months past we have been a great deal together. Oh, it is not my fault. I have loved the work, and you have been very good to me and have encouraged me, and—and—it has been such a joy to work with you. And—and now people are saying all those things, and you are silent."

"I cannot help what people say," he replied, "gossips always will talk."

"But you might have helped it," she answered, looking pleadingly up into his face. "And I should never have thought anything—if—if—you had not made so much of me. Oh, you men are hard, you do not think how easily the affection of a young and trusting girl is won."

Paul felt that she was scoring against him, and he grew hot and cold in turns. It was no doubt true that in a friendly way he had made a good deal of her. He had seen her home from Burt Street frequently. He had accepted her invitations to tea. He had gone to the house without invitation, hoping that he might see Rachel. He had lent her books, had discussed theology with her by the hour, and all the time had thought of Rachel, and never dreamed that he was making an impression meanwhile on the heart and affections of Miss Luke. He wondered if she really did care for him; if all unwittingly he had done her an injury. The position was a very awkward and perplexing one. He felt that it was of no use beating any longer about the bush, he would have to speak out very frankly and candidly. Affairs had reached a crisis, and he would have to face them unflinchingly.

"I am extremely sorry," he said, "if I have unwittingly caused you any pain or distress. I did not dream that a minister's friendship would be so misinterpreted. I had no idea that you would think I paid you more attention than the circumstances warranted."

The Awakening of Anthony Weir

"It is not only I who think so," she interrupted, "but every one else thinks so. I did not dream that you, a minister, could be anything else than perfectly honourable."

"Pardon me," he said hotly. "Neither you nor any one else has a right to use words of that description."

Miss Luke let go his arm and took a pocket-handkerchief from her bosom and began to wipe her eyes. She feared that she was making no progress, and was almost at her wit's end how to proceed.

At length she looked up, and said with a pathetic choke in her voice, "Forgive me, Mr. Vincent, if I spoke too hastily. I will try not to do so again. It is hard to suffer in silence, and one's strength sometimes gives way. But—but—I will endeavour to be brave," and she applied the handkerchief to her eyes again and fell to sobbing.

Paul walked by her side in a state of utter despair. He did not know what to do. Of the genuineness of Miss Luke's grief he had no doubt. He was so transparently honest himself, that it did not occur to him that his companion might feign a grief she did not feel. Moreover, his experience of women was so small, that he was in danger of attaching undue importance to feminine tears. Miss Luke's distress quite unnerved him. Had she abused him he would not have minded so much; but to see a woman cry and offer no word of comfort seemed positively cruel. Like most big men Paul Vincent had a very tender heart. Suffering appealed to him like nothing else in the world. The sight of grief or distress unlocked in a moment the fountain of his sympathy. He knew that he was getting on very dangerous ground. A tender word spoken now might rivet the fetters that he had unwittingly been forging for months past.

He had been in tight places before, but never in a place so tight as this. In some vague way he felt that his honour was at stake. For a minister to play fast and loose with a woman's affections was an outrageous thing from the world's point of view. It is true he might have no intention to do anything of the kind, but the world could never be got to believe that. Indeed, the world generally believed the worst where a minister was concerned, and if it got whispered about that he had made love to Miss Luke and then jilted her, it would mean shipwreck to his usefulness and reputation.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, Miss Luke was diligently sobbing by his side and wondering what her next move should be.

The weapon she would most have liked to use was her tongue. It was the weapon she won most of her victories with at home. Moreover, much practice had made her proficient in its use. In a battle of words she could hold her own with any one. But she had sense enough to see that caustic speech and biting words were fatal to the game she was now playing. It was the weakness—not to say the softness—of women that most appealed to men. The strong man does not ask for strength in a woman. He has plenty of his own. He prefers frailty—tenderness. He seeks in a companion not something to lean upon, but something that shall lean upon him. It is the weak man who generally gets the domineering wife. Perchance it is a law of nature that extremes shall meet.

But while Miss Luke was mistrustful of the power of words in this crisis, she was equally doubtful of the value of tears. She did not know Paul Vincent. She did not know that even now his resolution was giving way. That on a question of abstract right he would sacrifice everything, that he would do himself any amount of wrong rather than wrong another.

They had got into the neighbourhood of Cambridge Park. The streets were practically deserted. Their footsteps echoed distinctly on the hard pavement. The long silence was becoming embarrassing.

"He despises me for giving way to tears," Miss Luke said to herself. "But perhaps I can coax him. If he can be shown that his reputation is involved, the rest will be easy enough."

She therefore stopped her tears at once, and lifted her eyes once more to his.

"You will come and have supper with us, won't you?" she said pleadingly.

"No, not to-night," he answered, and he sighed wearily.

"Yes, do," she pleaded.

"No; I must not," he answered.

"Is this to be farewell then?" she questioned.

"As you will," he answered with an effort.

"No, not as I will," was the low reply, "not as I will. I would help you, and guard your reputation, but if you choose to throw me over, and let me suffer alone, so

The Awakening of Anthony Weir

be it. I hope you may not suffer also, and above all, I trust it will not end your usefulness."

Paul winced. The end of his usefulness was the one thing he dreaded. His work was the supreme passion of his life. He cared nothing for money or fame; toil and hardship and poverty had no terrors for him. To serve and help his generation had hitherto been the inspiring purpose of his life. Hence the bare thought of losing his power to help the race was almost as the bitterness of death to him.

"I have done you no wrong," he said doubtfully and apologetically, for even while he spoke he remembered that his eye had not been single, that he had endeavoured to use Miss Luke as a means to an end; but the catspaw had failed and he had burned his own fingers.

"The world must judge between us," she answered quickly. They were at the garden gate by this time, and without another word she turned and left him.

Paul walked back to his lodgings in a state of mind not easy to describe. It seemed the very triumph of irony that he of all men, who had fought so shy of women, should have become entangled in their wiles.

For a full fortnight he saw nothing of Miss Luke, nor of Rachel. Now and then he strayed into the neighbourhood of Cambridge Park, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the sweet face that was more to him than all the world beside. But he was never successful. Mrs. Luke and the Misses Luke kept a very watchful eye on their poor relation. Rachel was not allowed to go out alone, especially after dark.

Meanwhile Mr. Luke was taken into the counsels of his women-kind and instructed what to do. The dignity of the family was in danger of being seriously compromised. He was not a man that troubled himself much about domestic affairs. He had plenty to do at the shop. Moreover, Mrs. Luke was quite capable of looking after the house without assistance from him. But this was a matter that touched the family pride to the quick. He had been informed by his wife that Mr. Vincent was evidently smitten with Jane, that he was paying her very marked attention, and that she was disposed to regard his suit with favour.

Mr. Luke received this information with becoming meekness. From a worldly point of view he admitted that the young preacher

was not much of a catch. He was very doubtful if he would ever become a popular preacher, and without popularity salaries tapered to a very fine point. Still, there was a rumour that he was well-connected. Moreover, Jane had passed her prime. He would be glad to see her comfortably settled. When she was out of the way there might be a better chance for Jessie.

So he raised no objection, but quietly allowed matters to go their own way. When Mr. Vincent came to the house he regarded him in the light of a prospective son-in-law, and began to consider how much he would be able to allow Jane after she was married in the shape of pin-money.

From time to time Mrs. Luke informed him how matters were progressing, and on the whole he was pleased at the prospect of getting one daughter safely off his hands. Then suddenly as a lightning-flash came the collapse.

Paul Vincent was sitting before his study fire one morning reading the newspaper, when, without any warning whatever, Mr. Luke was announced. Paul rose from his chair with an uneasy feeling of coming trouble. Mr. Luke advanced with quick resolute step. His face was very pale and his lips were twitching nervously.

Paul offered his visitor a chair, which, however, he pretended not to see.

"I have called to know what your intentions are respecting my daughter," he said, plunging at once into the object of his visit.

"My intentions?" Paul questioned, taken aback at the suddenness of the demand.

"Yes, sir. Your intentions. For several months you have—well, to put it bluntly—you have been courting her—"

"I deny it," Paul said hastily.

"You had better not," was the quick reply. "You have been seen together constantly. You corresponded as far back as September last. You have come to the house regularly. You have paid my daughter every possible attention. So much so that she has given to you her undivided affection, and is now breaking her heart at your neglect."

"I am very sorry," Paul said resolutely. "But I deny that I ever made love to your daughter or anything approaching it."

"Don't tell me that, young man. Girls don't lose their hearts without a reason. No one will believe you. Your attention

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has been too marked. My daughter is breaking her heart. She is ill, she says she does not care to live. If she dies her blood will be upon your head. Your work will be at an end. You will be driven out of this town disgraced. I will give you a week to reconsider your position. Make it up with my daughter and all will be well. But if not—remember, I am not a man to be trifled with."

And without waiting for Paul to



MR. LUKE WAS ANNOUNCED

reply, he turned suddenly on his heel and marched out of the room.

Paul dropped into his chair when the door clicked and stared into the fire.

"And has it come to this?" he muttered.

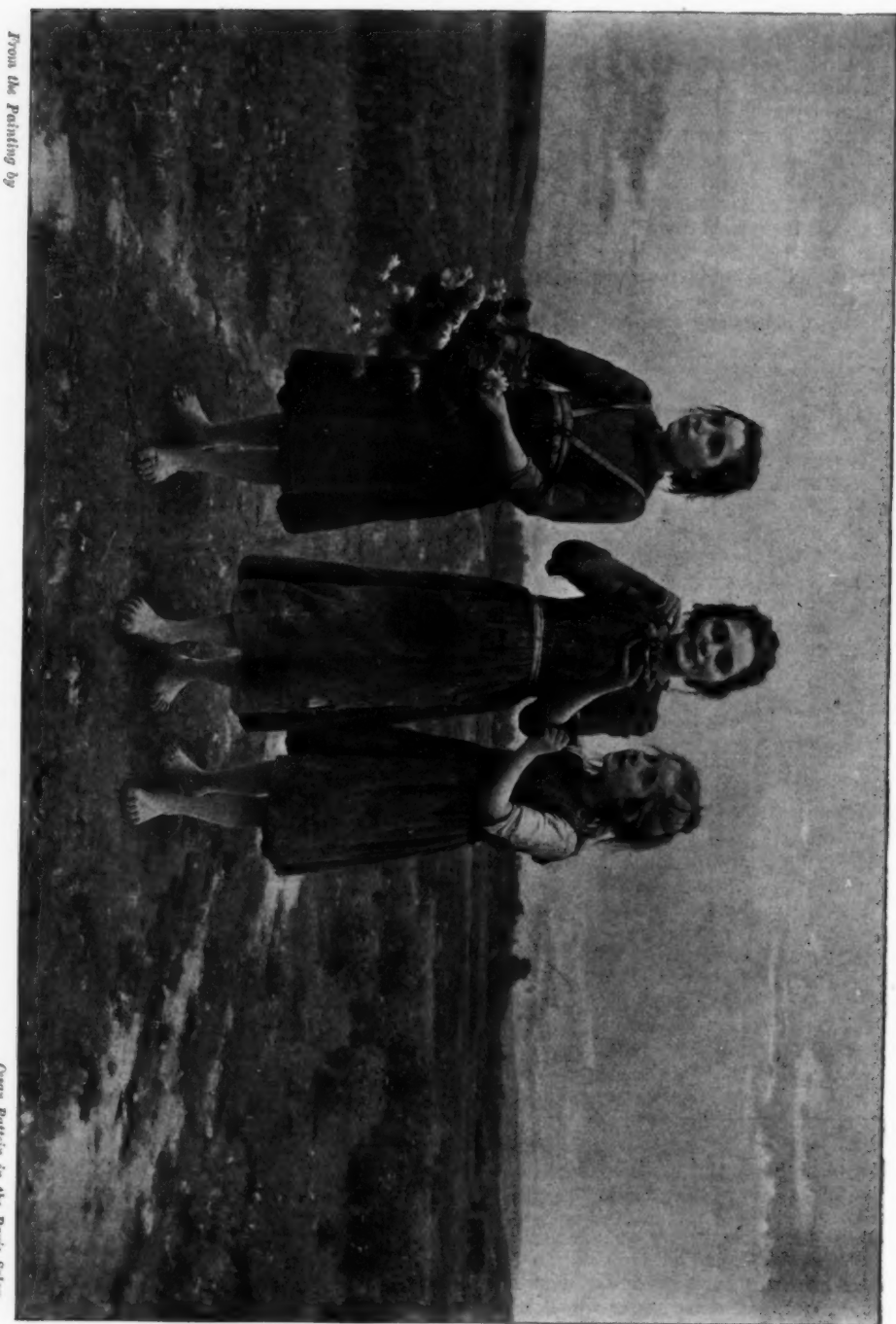
everything else of minor importance? And was not the highest service through sacrifice and loss? There seemed little doubt of it.

So in this way he seemed to get daily nearer a solution of the problem.

For the rest of that day, and for several days after, study was quite out of the question. He felt that he was trapped, and he saw no way of escape. The more he puzzled over the matter the more complicated it seemed to become. If he was sure that Rachel did not care for him, and never could care for him, he would have sacrificed himself readily enough for his work's sake.

And even now, should not his usefulness be the first consideration? And was not

(To be continued.)



From the Painting by

THE BIRD'S NEST

Cesar Poutineau in the Paris Salon

The Author of 'Ben Hur' at Home

GENERAL LEW WALLACE is known the world over as the author of "Ben Hur," one of the most popular novels founded on Biblical incidents that has ever been written. In America alone over 800,000 cloth copies have been sold. "Ben Hur" has also been translated into every European language, into Arabic and Japanese, and an edition has been printed in raised letters for the blind. General Lew Wallace, although best known by his writings, has been a soldier, diplomatist, and governor of a western state. Some time ago I visited the veteran author at his home in Crawfordsville in Indiana. Our conversation took place in the magnificent, mosque-like studio which General Wallace has built for himself at the rear of the wooded lawn which surrounds his home. The General received me with a cordial grasp of the hand, and invited me to a seat near the huge fireplace that adorns one end of the room. He is of medium height, solidly built, with iron-grey hair and beard, and keen penetrating eyes. His bearing is courteous, dignified, and soldierly. He moves about with precision and alacrity. He is a picture of robust health. But he has already passed man's allotted span of life according to the Psalmist.

The room in which we sat is probably one of the handsomest "author's dens" in the world. It is an imposing brick and stone structure, with a square tower and copper-coloured dome. It is nearly surrounded by a moat, and suggests simultaneously a medieval castle and an oriental mosque. The interior is composed of one great room, with the exception of an entrance corridor, and a mechanical apartment in the rear. The immense study-room is flooded by day with mellow light, which enters only at the dome; at night, it is brilliant with a score of electric lamps of many varieties. The ceiling of the dome is frescoed in imitation of ivory, the walls down to the book-cases are finished in a silver-green, or, as General Wallace expresses it, the colour of the under side of an olive leaf. On the book-shelves, filled with the author's working library, are busts of Ben Hur, his sister, the Princess of India, and Princess Irene, the heroine of the writer's last romance. Numerous engravings, paintings, bits of

statuary, and oriental relics increase the artistic flavour of the room. By nature, General Wallace is an artist as well as a warrior, statesman, poet, novelist. Several of the paintings are the products of his own brush. In the centre of the room stands a big, heavy table, littered with letters, books, and manuscripts. Large and small rugs partially cover the cement floor.

More marvellous than an Arabian Night's tale is the life-story of this man. In the last fifty years, General Wallace has played numerous leading rôles, and has been rewarded by the plaudits of his fellow-beings. He served his country as lieutenant in the Mexican War, was Governor of the territory of New Mexico, was a general in the Civil War, was minister to Turkey under President Garfield. These are a few of the achievements of one of the most versatile men the United States has ever produced. What does this man give as the secret of his success? Here are his words in answer to my question: "Work, and (as an author) the doing of it myself with my own hands, not by means of a typewriter or amanuensis, or stenographer. To work I would add universal reading."

The Wallace family has been proverbially indifferent to genealogical trees. It is probably of Scotch-Irish origin. The General's mother was a Quakeress and a Methodist. His father, David Wallace, was a graduate of West Point, lawyer, judge, politician, and Governor of the State of Indiana. General Lew Wallace himself was born in Brookville, Indiana, April 10, 1827. When ten years of age his father was elected Governor, and the family removed to Indianapolis. He attended public and private schools till seventeen years of age, but had such a dislike to the school-room that his father finally became tired of paying bills for useless instruction, and the young man went forth to earn his own living. The youth was a student, however, and during the following two years in a clerk's office in the capital of the State he spent every moment of his leisure time in study. Just when he applied for a licence to the Supreme Court of the State, the Mexican War broke out.

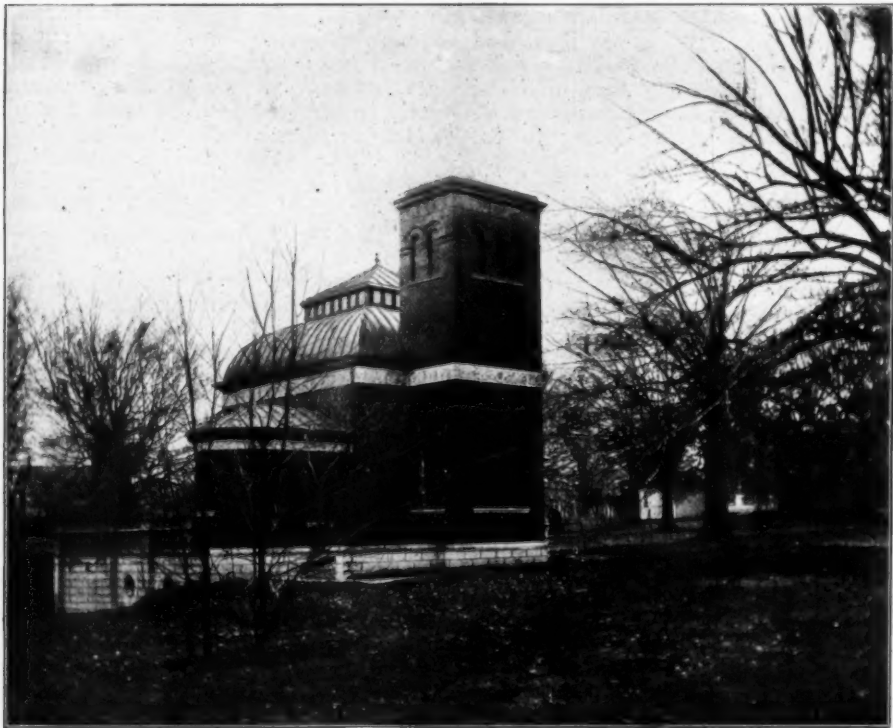
The Author of 'Ben Hur' at Home

He was seized with a violent attack of war-fever. This was due partly to hereditary influence and partly to his environment, as he then belonged to a militia company. He immediately raised a company, was elected second lieutenant of the first regiment of Indiana Volunteers, and did brilliant service in a number of battles against the Mexicans. On his return he secured his licence and began practising law in Covington, Indiana. In 1852 he was elected prosecuting attorney of the judicial circuit. In this city also he married Susan A. Elston, the daughter of Major Isaak Elston, a man well known throughout that part of the State. Soon afterwards he removed to Crawfordsville, where he has since made his home. His residence is located in a wide-spreading lawn, studded with great trees. It may be mentioned here, that it was under one of these great beeches standing beside his present studio, that he wrote the major portion of "Ben Hur." He sat in an arm-chair placed on a wooden platform under a small canopy. "This," the General declared, pointing to his study, "is the

evolution from that little canopy as a germ."

His genius for writing, like his military ability, seems to have been bred in the bone. When only sixteen years of age he wrote a romantic novel, entitled, "A Man of Arms: a Tale of the Tenth Century." It was written in instalments for a literary society to which he then belonged. It soon became the most popular feature of the programme, Mr. Wallace reading a chapter at each weekly meeting. It was a story of the Crusades, the hero being a young Spaniard, who went to help recover the Holy Land from the Saracens. Unfortunately the manuscript of this interesting tale was lost while Lieutenant Wallace was fighting in the Mexican War.

Encouraged by the praise of his companions the young writer began another story before his departure for the war. Singularly enough, the scene of this story was laid in Mexico. The plot concerned its conquest by Cortez. He had finished the tale down to the arrival of Cortez in Mexico City, when he himself set off for that land of



VIEW OF THE STUDIO FROM THE OUTSIDE

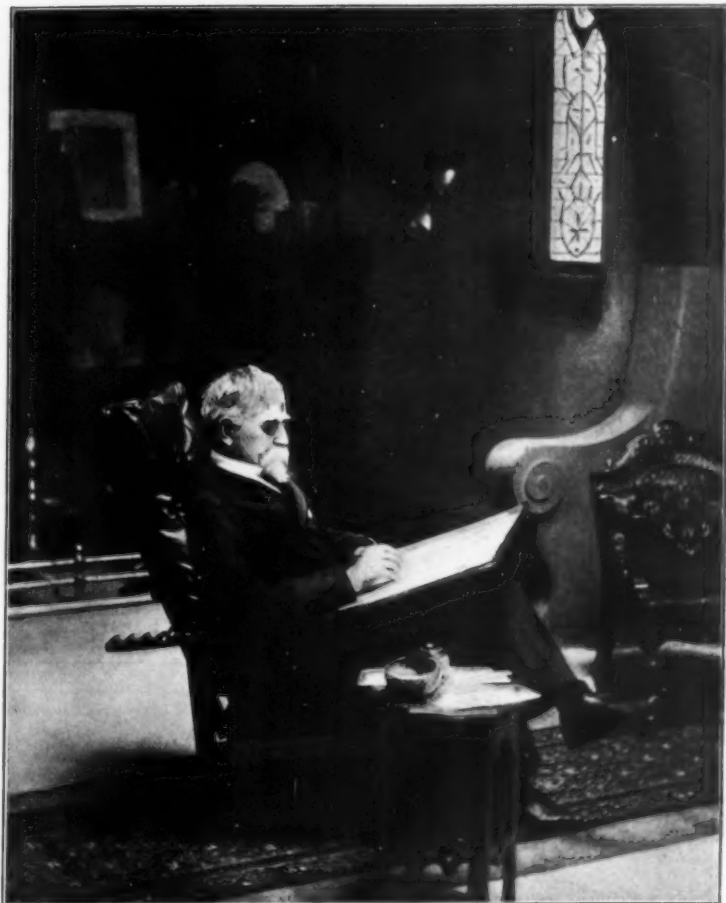
The Author of 'Ben Hur' at Home

legends. On his return he continued writing the story as a pastime, having little thought of publishing it. However, when in 1873 he was called to Boston on business, he decided to take the MS. with him, and submitted it to the publishing house of Osgood, Ticknor and Co. To his great surprise they accepted and published it the same year, under the title, "The Fair God."

The book was a success. Wallace leaped into fame as a novelist. As he himself said to me, it acted as a strong stimulus to his ambition, and he shortly began a more difficult piece of work, following, however, the same methods as in "The Fair God." The result of the next few years' work was

"Ben Hur," published in 1880. As is well known, its success was phenomenal from the first. The presses could scarcely supply the demand. Its popularity grew and grew, and kept growing. In every village, in almost every household in the United States it was read and re-read. It was the one topic of conversation which was sure to prove interesting and entertaining. The international copyright laws were not at that time in existence, and soon cheap editions were being scattered broadcast in England, Germany, and France.

The origin of the "Prince of India," General Wallace's last novel, is also very interesting. As we chatted by the fireplace that morning the author gave me its history,



GENERAL WALLACE AT WORK

by relating the following anecdote. He said—

"When 'Ben Hur' was published, a copy fell into the hands of President Garfield. At that time I was Governor of the Territory of New Mexico. After reading the book the President sent for me to come to Washington. I did so, and during the interview which followed, he told me of the pleasure he had received in reading the book. He then stated that he had made up his mind to send me to Turkey as Minister of the United States. He also said that he wanted me to write a novel, the scene of which would be laid in Constantinople. In signing my commission he wrote in the left-hand corner, 'Ben Hur,' and under it his initials, 'J. A. G.' As I was leaving the

R R

The Author of 'Ben Hur' at Home

Executive Mansion he accompanied me to the door—we were old friends, having fought together in the battle of Pittsburg Landing—put his arm round my neck and said—

“Lew, I am sending you to Constantinople in order that you may write a book about the city.”

“I fear my duties will be too burdensome,” I replied.

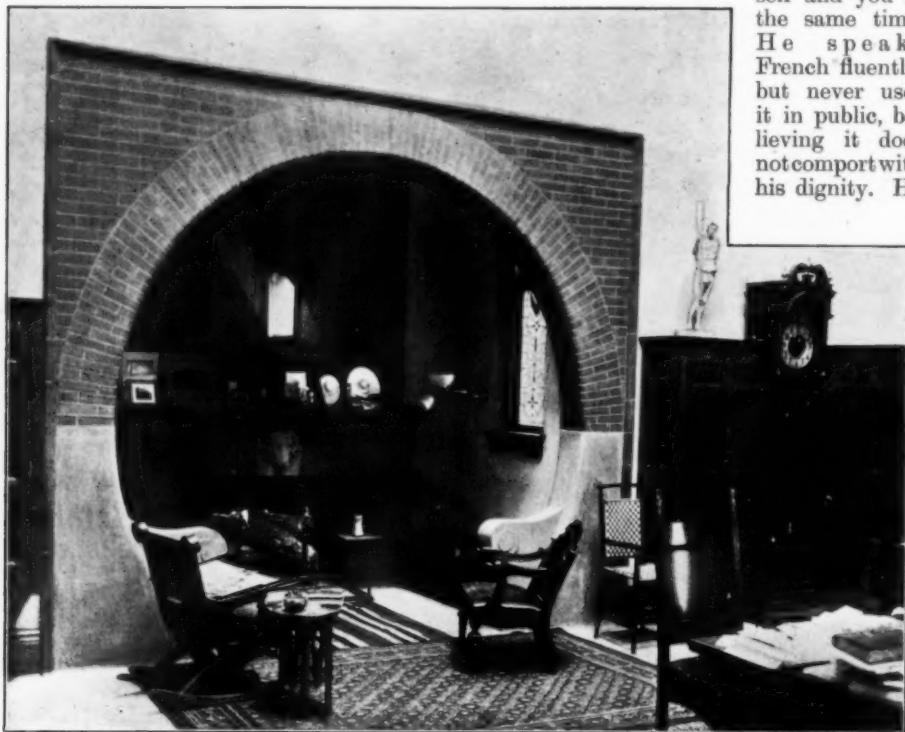
“I do not think so. We will have to overlook your blunders,” said he.

“I sailed a few days later. As our steamer stopped to take a pilot just off Ireland he announced to us the assassination of Garfield. It was a terrible shock to me. I went on, however, and served as minister for four and a half years. As I had anticipated, I found little time for writing. Still I worked industriously, securing all available information concerning the history of the Turks and Constantinople. On my return to America I set about utilising the material I had collected. The result was the appearance of the ‘Prince of India’ in 1893.”

On the wall of the studio I noticed a striking painting. On inquiry, I learned it was a portrait of the Sultan of Turkey, painted by General Wallace himself after returning from his frequent visits to “His Most Worshipful Majesty.” The Sultan conceived a great regard for General Wallace, during the latter’s four years’ stay in Constantinople. He would sometimes send for the American author to come to Yildiz Kiosk in the middle of the night, to obtain his opinion on some important question. Sometimes he would have the General remain at the palace for a week at a time.

“The Sultan,” said General Wallace, “is the best diplomate in Europe without any exception. Physically he is small, slight, and thin-chested. His figure is ill-fitted to display a uniform to advantage. His complexion is sallow, his eyes black and deep-set. He possesses an enormous nose. His voice is mellifluous and pleasing. In manners, he is affable and polite, attentive to his guests. His conversation is most guarded; you can see he is watching him-

self and you at the same time. He speaks French fluently, but never uses it in public, believing it does not comport with his dignity. He



A FAVOURITE CORNER IN GENERAL WALLACE'S STUDIO

The Author of 'Ben Hur' at Home



THE INTERIOR OF THE STUDIO

is a tremendous worker. I have known him to sit up all night with the ministry in session, and when they left in the morning would still continue at work. When he secured his exercise I never found out. He is no soldier. He could not be induced to take the field in person, but he possesses the rare faculty of discerning qualities in men, and always selects the right man for the right place.

"At the conclusion of my mission as American minister, the Sultan offered me the command of the Turkish Army, wishing to retain me in the Turkish service, and thinking this position would be most to my taste. I declined it on the ground that such an act on his part would be discourteous to his Turkish generals. It would tend to stir up revolution against him. The Sultan then offered to make me his ambassador to Paris or London. I again declined for the same reasons. Since my return to this country he has renewed the offer, but I once more refused to comply with his request."

In answer to inquiries regarding his

habits and methods of work, General Wallace gave me the following account of a typical working day—

"I begin to write at about 9 a.m., keep at work till noon, resume about 1.30 p.m., and leave my studio at about four. I then take exercise for two hours. I walk, or ride, according to the weather. When it rains, I put on a pair of heavy boots, and trudge five or seven miles across the country. I usually ride a dozen miles. To this habit of taking regular exercise I attribute my good health. I eat just what I want, and as much as I want. When night comes I lie down and sleep like a child, never once waking till morning. I usually retire at 9.30 and rise at 7.30, aiming to secure nine hours' sleep. I smoke at pleasure a pipe or cigar, but never a cigarette, which I consider the deadliest thing a person can put in his mouth. The amount of work I produce daily varies greatly. What I write to-day in the rough, to-morrow morning I will revise; perhaps reducing it to twenty

The Author of 'Ben Hur' at Home

words, or perhaps striking out all the day's work and beginning at the same point once more. That constitutes my second copy. When the proofs come from the publisher another revision takes place. It consists chiefly of condensation and expurgation."

General Wallace never writes sitting at a table. Instead, he sits in a reclining chair and writes on a lapboard that rests on the arms of a chair. The surface of the lapboard is covered with chamois-skin, which keeps the paper from slipping.

Before taking my leave of General Wallace I asked him what he thought would be the chief characteristics of the literature of the twentieth century. The General paced backwards and forwards over the cement floor for several minutes and then said: "To begin with, the novel of the next century will reflect the light of that age, unless the society is so barren and devoid of interest that writers shall be compelled to seek material in former eras. Certain authors will always follow the latter course. But an increasing number will ground their narratives in the activities of the day. What then are the elements which will play leading parts in the drama of the future? Labour is one. The American working-man will have things his own way, but there is no cause for alarm, for he is to be the saviour of our country. Our great middle classes, those neither rich nor poor, are no longer ignorant. These intelligent, wide-awake people are to-day the strength and hope of the nation. The dangerous classes are to be found in English-aping millionaires, who spend the greater part of their time on the water in their yachts, who have summer palaces in Newport, who belong to the fashionable 'four hundred' and the 'fast set.' On the other hand, who are the leaders in the strikes and labour troubles? Ignorant foreigners almost without exception. I repeat it: the American workman will pilot our nation through the storms of the next century, and his government will be good. Another important factor in moulding life will be better educa-

tion in all departments of activity. Another influence rapidly gaining in power is journalism, while Christianity will be the leaven that will leaven the whole lump.

"I would advise the writer who wishes to achieve the greatest success in portraying current conditions, to go down and live among the labouring classes and get his material at first hand."

"And what of the poetry of the future?" I asked.

"Modern poetry," he replied, "I am in the habit of calling the poetry of adjectives. The abnormal preponderance of this part of speech in the poetry of to-day I consider its chief curse. It renders the thought obscure and hazy. In Browning we see the climax of this fad. The finest poetry ever written is found in the Book of Job, and you will notice that it contains very few adjectives."

So saying, General Wallace walked over to his study table, opened a large Bible lying thereon, and, turning to the Psalms, read several verses, throwing in numerous adjectives as he did so. The effect was most ludicrous.

"Another fault of modern poetry is its monotonousness. It is all pitched in the same key. This is opposed to the entire course of nature, and it soon wearies the reader. The working up to a climax is well-nigh unknown. As there are mountains and plains, as the wind blows soft and fierce, so the poet should sometimes fall before a sweeping passage of eloquence. The secret of grand poetry lies in this single line: Great thoughts expressed in simple words."

I asked General Wallace whether he expected that the twentieth century would be a century of peace. The old soldier, striding back and forth, declared in emphatic tones—

"Nothing could be more absurd or false than the idea that war will soon cease, and that an era of universal peace is at hand. In the next century the United States will be compelled to fight to maintain its very existence."

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS



With His Majesty's Mails

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD H. COCKS



G.W.R. Express picking up water on trial trip en route for Exeter

THE majority of my readers will doubtless be familiar with the official utterance of "Stand back there! down (or up) express!" and while we peer into the darkness which habitually clokes the stretches of wayside platforms at night, we are

conscious of a peculiar thrill of excitement as we listen to the ear-piercing shriek of the on-coming express.

Louder and louder grows the shrill whistle, when, in a moment, a stream of glittering lights rush past in a whirl, the engine herself rolling and swaying from side to side as though she could scarce keep the road.

In a fraction of time we can but just see the tail-lights of the train as they fast reach the vanishing-point, and then—we may picture to ourselves the manner in which our letters are conveyed from point to point during the hours of night.

To this train, which we have just seen plunge through the darkness, there may be attached a mail-van or several such, and it is the work of these to pick up letter-bags and drop others at specified points, whilst running at as much as seventy miles an hour or thereabouts.

But that is not all. Every bag that is received through the

agency of the apparatus on the mail-van has to be opened and its contents sorted at the rate of a letter a second. Then these have again to be made up afresh, repacked, sealed, and hung out for the ground apparatus to catch and detain.

How this work is so accurately carried out and unremittingly performed, even in the worst of weathers, is the object of this article to explain.

Let us, then, visit Bletchley Junction on the L.N.W. system, for I find that this particular station stands almost unique in possessing a post-office and fully-equipped sorting establishment on the very platform.

This system may justly boast of being the mail route *par excellence*, running, as it does, both the special American and Irish mail trains on two days in the week, in addition to the ordinary heavy service of travelling post-office trains.

We secure our picture in the station post-office during a slack moment. The courteous post-master willingly forms a centre-piece, whilst to the right of him we observe umbrella-baskets standing upright alongside, and against these (by the empty canvas letter-bags) we may notice a diminu-



A STATIONARY STATION POST-OFFICE AT BLETCHLEY

With His Majesty's Mails

tive saucepan, which is responsible for supplying a thick red sauce at any moment—P.O. sealing-wax.

This, then, is one of the most important mail centres on the L.N.W. railway system, the double exchange of mail-bags being unusually heavy. The apparatus has been recently reconstructed, and is now situated some little distance up the line, whither we will proceed in company with two scarlet-coated, gilt-braided mail-men, who shoulder several canvas letter-bags, which have to be picked up by the mail-train *en route*.

The "up"-line has merely a receiving-net on the ground, because no mails are

winter will occasion much discomfort in so exposed a spot.

Before proceeding further, we may call attention to the early morning mail-train receiving its consignments previous to setting out from Euston on its momentous journey, and this as early as 4 A.M., when the majority of right-minded people are in the arms of Morpheus.

Thus, then, we have seen the letter-bags which are both carried and dropped by the mail, and also those bags, or, as they are more accurately styled in postal phraseology, "pouches," which the mail has to catch from the ground apparatus.

And now for the actual operations.

We approach the apparatus and see it first out of action, the lofty brackets or "standards" being turned away from the metals, and the iron prop of the receiving-net (in the foreground), resting also in a recumbent position, leaning in an opposite direction away from the line.

The two mail-men have no time to lose, and they set to work at once to pack the sealed canvas letter-bags in the stout leather envelopes or pouches, as we see in the photograph before us.

The weight of these pouches must not exceed fifty pounds, but then as many as nine pouches can be hung up for the mail to pick up at a time in the following manner—

There are at this station, one of the "heaviest" of fifty-three on the entire system, three standards, about five hundred yards apart from each other, and each standard has three arms, a double and a single.

So soon as the pouches are strapped up the mail-man mounts the iron ladder, and swinging round the standards towards the line, hangs up his load in the manner illustrated.

Then the ground-net has to be set in position as we see it before us. This process consists merely of propping up in a parallel position the iron "gate" adjoining the metals, so as to bring into place the cross-piece which the postal van apparatus strikes, and so drops the pouches in the net.

This net, and there is only one at a



PACKING THE LETTER-BAGS IN THE POUCHES

taken on that side of the station, only dropped from the train.

We make a start for the "down" apparatus, and after passing through numerous gates, which all require a special key, as carried by the mail-men, we reach the bottom of a steep flight of wooden stairs leading up the embankment side.

The route just taken is most circuitous, one mile in length; formerly the men were allowed to reach the old apparatus (referred to previously) by means of walking directly up the line, but the risks were many, and it was decided that a new apparatus should be constructed, and that the men should have a private passage thereto. This apparatus had only been up a few weeks at the time of my visit, and doubtless the

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THE STANDARD, SHOWING SPRING SNAP OPENED AND POUCH SUSPENDED

This spring snap is shut down when in use. (N.B.—This standard has been taken down from the raised platform to enable a photograph being taken of it.)

station, placed against the first standard, is of alarming proportions, and so it need be when we realise the force of the drop—at Christmas time, for instance, when as much as ninety-three pounds will be hurled from the sorting van, travelling at seventy miles an hour.

This net is termed a "ten-footer," and receives on an average four cwt. every night. This is as large a size as these nets attain.

The pouches having then been securely fastened upon the standards by means of a spring catch and thimble-strap, we leave them swinging in mid-air unless the wind be blowing a hurricane, when these spring catches are further stiffened by means of special string wound round, thus practically defying the elements.

The mail-men repair to the

adjoining cabin, and wait to see the signals drop.

A distant rumbling is soon audible, and then that steady, reverberating rattle, now dying away to almost an inaudible degree, now drawing nearer and louder.

Another minute, and the mail has come and gone, whilst beyond hearing a sharp crack, we remark nothing further than the enormous speed at which she romped past the apparatus, considerably over a mile a minute.

It is the American mail special, a magnificent train, which we have just seen, and it is only on Saturdays that we can catch sight of her.

But the apparatus—an exchange has been effected, the double operation occupying far too brief a period to be even followed with the eye.

And this is just what has happened.

Our bags which we hung up in the air have been wrenched off by the net which is set at the latter end of the sorting van, as we see it in position in our photograph at the side of the carriage.

When not within two hundred yards of any apparatus this net is "dead," and as such shuts, flush with the side of the coach. A lever, like an ordinary signal lever, sets the net from the inside of the van.

Simultaneously with the above, a short arm with corresponding spring catches is let drop from the side of the van just in



SUSPENDING ON THE STANDARDS THE LEATHER POUCHES CONTAINING LETTER-BAGS

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SHOWING THE DOUBLE EXCHANGE OF POUCHES

Mail-train travelling at 65 miles per hour

advance of the net, at right angles with the ground; this standard, for it is practically a counterpart of that which we have previously described, also supports a pouch (and there may be any number of these standards on the coach, equidistant, each suspending a pouch), while as soon as ever the strap strikes the cross-piece from the "gates" of the ground-net, the pouches are detached with a sharp crack one after the other, all along the van side, and the standards themselves fly back into position flush with the net, after being released of their precious burdens.

The pouches are hurled with truly awful impetus to the further end of the ground-net, while they come tumbling into the sorting van with similar force, the net on the van closing and setting automatically ready for the standards, which we observed were only some few hundred yards apart, a bell ringing continuously so long as the net is set.

In the photograph before us, then, we see the actual double exchange in operation, a pouch being hurled into the ground-net, and another pouch just about to be picked off the standards by the van net.

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This had to be a snap-shot proper, the exposure was $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of a second.

The dropped pouches are next taken from the net and unpacked, their contents (the letter-bags) being carried back to the post-office.

The net is shut down as we first saw it, and the standards swung round away from the line, so as to keep clear of passing goods trains.

To give an idea of the terrific crash which signals the entry of these pouches into the nets, the sorting cars are for the infinitesimal moment pulled round by the impact, the net being at one end of them, and this in time pulls the line out of truth, so that special ballasting and attention is required for that portion of the metals which runs alongside the mail apparatus.

The night mails would seem to afford increased difficulties by way of knowing where and when to precisely set the van nets and drop the pouches.

The sorters take it in turns to have a ride, which constitutes a pleasant change from the feverish atmosphere of St. Martin's le Grand, and in time they can tell to within a few yards by ear as to whether they are near certain white-washed landmarks which serve as a guide to the experienced eye of letter-sorters.

The roar, as the mail dashes through a cutting, or under a bridge, the extra rattle as it passes over water-troughs where sleepers are more closely laid together—these and other acoustics give the cue.

An inspector who had been completely through the mill was telling me of the "sea-sickness" from which at first all sorters invariably suffer. They are completely prostrated for the time being, and it takes about three weeks to get one's mail legs.

There are three other sides of this absorbing topic, in addition to the working operations, to which we will draw brief attention.

There is the dark side, where life has been lost. An engine-driver leaning out from his cab failed to observe the approach of a mail-train, the van nets were out, and it was too late. The sorters received the ill-fated driver's head, which was severed completely from the body. There is a rule that sorting postal cars should always be run next the engine to modify risk, as accidents have happened, with fatal issue, from passengers leaning far out of the carriage

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window when approaching the apparatus, the stationary pouches striking them before the net of the sorting van reached its goal. I could narrate many more incidents.

There is the ludicrous side of the question.

Certain mail-men have attempted to mount the standard ladder of fame in a condition already elevated. Mail-bags have been packed wrong consequently, and suspended with their proportionate length sideways instead of lengthways parallel with the line. The van net has struck these pouches and scattered their contents beyond the understanding of human ken. Shreds of leather, love tokens (these always sit heavy on a postman's back), business and domestic (also silk) ties, and "what-nots" — such and sundry — have been sprinkled for half-a-mile up the line, in too small portions to make it worth the while of a professional scavenger to collect.



INTERIOR OF TRAVELLING POST-OFFICE

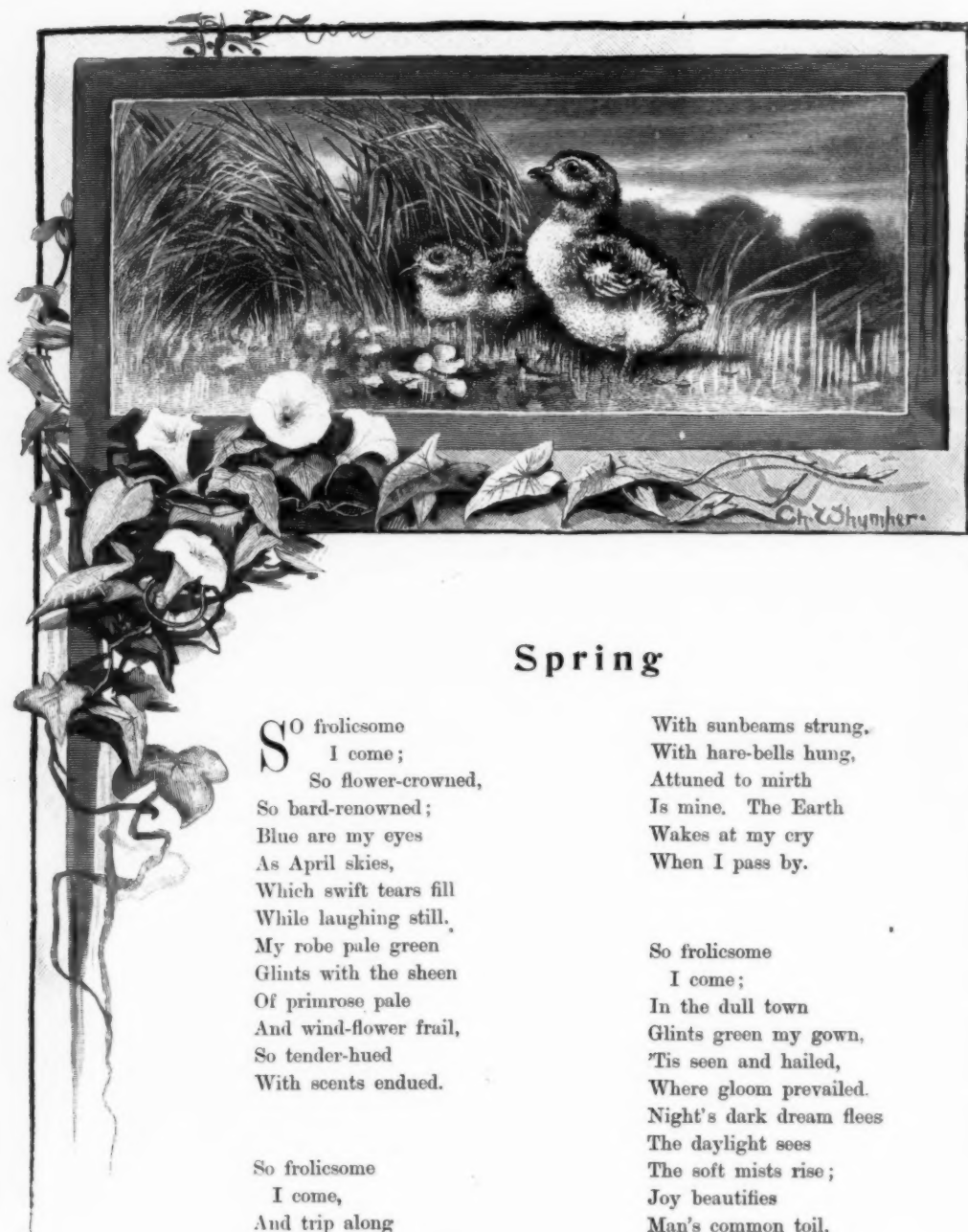
The third view to be considered is that of the thirsting inventor, who still remembers the handsome pecuniary emolument offered by the G.P.O. for an improvement on the present apparatus.

And what inventions, creations, some of these cranky notions and inspirations are!

The writer has had a good few submitted from various individuals, but whilst they are very pretty to gaze upon, their practical points are nil.



MAIL-MEN UNPACKING POUCHES LEFT IN THE NET BY MAIL-TRAIN



Spring

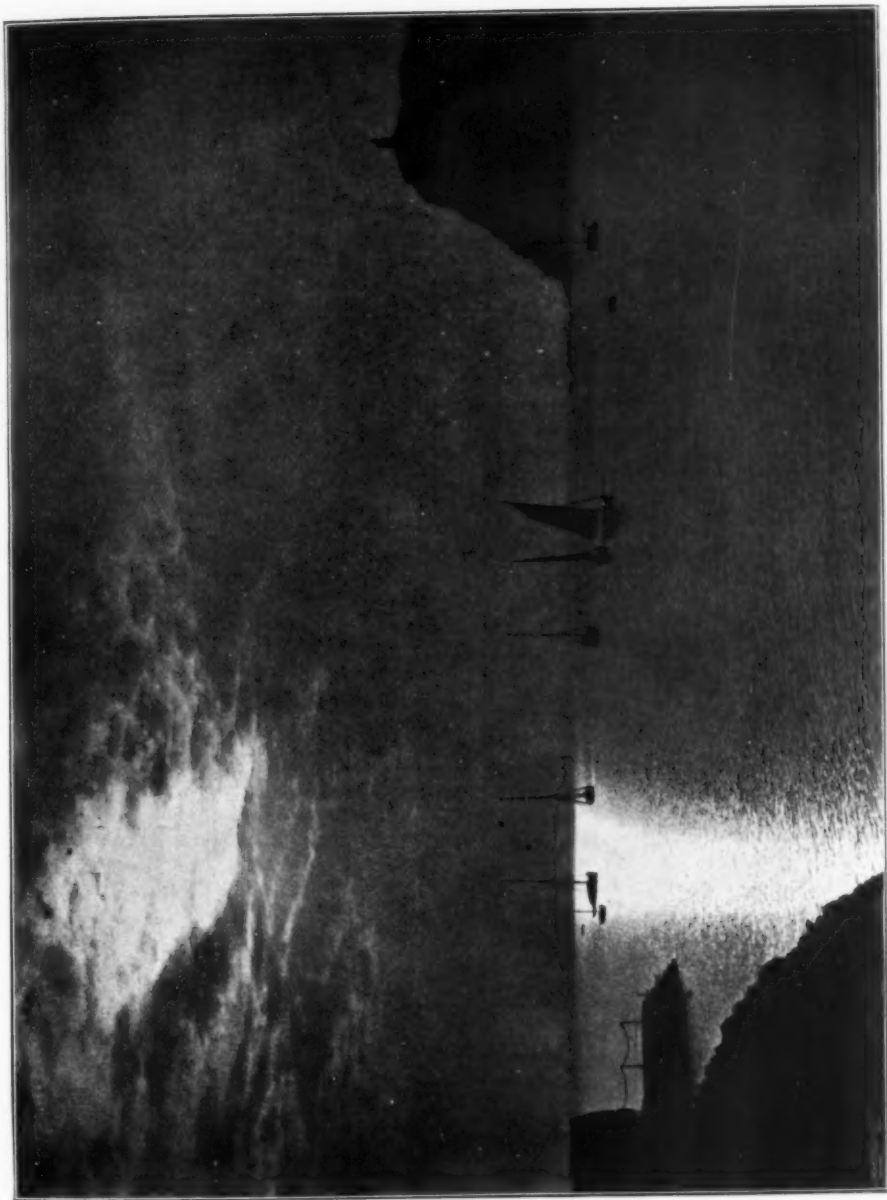
SO frolicsome
 I come;
 So flower-crowned,
 So bard-renowned;
 Blue are my eyes
 As April skies,
 Which swift tears fill
 While laughing still,
 My robe pale green
 Glints with the sheen
 Of primrose pale
 And wind-flower frail,
 So tender-hued
 With scents endued.

So frolicsome
 I come,
 And trip along
 With blithesome song.
 The cuckoo's call
 Is mine, and all
 May's merry choir:
 A spangled lyre

With sunbeams strung,
 With hare-bells hung,
 Attuned to mirth
 Is mine. The Earth
 Wakes at my cry
 When I pass by.

So frolicsome
 I come;
 In the dull town
 Glints green my gown,
 'Tis seen and hailed,
 Where gloom prevailed.
 Night's dark dream flees
 The daylight sees
 The soft mists rise;
 Joy beautifies
 Man's common toil,
 And life's turmoil
 Is woven new
 With Hope's own blue.

L. A. C.



Prize Photo by R. W. Copenan

SUNSET AT BRADDA HEAD, PORT ERIN, ISLE OF MAN

Eyes or No Eyes—Brains or No Brains

READERS AND READING

"I DO not like the list of books," wrote Macaulay in an educational comment while in India. "Grammars of rhetoric and grammars of logic are among the most useless furniture of a shelf. Give a boy *Robinson Crusoe*. That is worth all the grammars of rhetoric and logic in the world. . . . I am not joking, but writing quite seriously, when I say that I would much rather order a hundred copies of *Jack the Giant-Killer* for our schools than a hundred copies of any grammar of rhetoric or logic that ever was written."

It was in this spirit that his own wonderful reading ranged over the world of books—from the days when he lay a child of three stretched on the rug with a book in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other, till the time of that memorable voyage to Calcutta, when his cabin became his library, and he read insatiably, with results that are interesting even as but hinted at in his letters—"The *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Cæsar's Commentaries*, *Bacon de Augmentis*, *Petrarch*, *Ariosto*, *Tasso*, *Don Quixote*, *Gibbon's Rome*, *Mill's India*, all the seventy volumes of *Voltaire*, *Sismondi's History of France*, and the seven folios of the *Biographia Britannica*." One conclusion only we may note as characteristic product of those long hours undisturbed on the sea: "I still think of Dante, as I thought when I first read him, that he is a superior poet to Milton, that he runs neck and neck with Homer, and that none but Shakespere has gone decidedly beyond him."

John Stuart Mill was but six years younger than Macaulay. While Macaulay was at school, writing at fifteen to his mother of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which he "infinitely prefers" to Chaucer, of Gil Blas and Gibbon and Byron and Southey, all in a single letter, Mill is beginning the course of reading, under his father's direction, which he has described in his *Autobiography*, and was already at eight, having begun Greek at three, passing on from Herodotus to Plato, and wide historical reading. Of books of amusement, his father borrowed a few for him: "those which I remember are Cazotte's *Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales*, and a book of some reputa-

tion in its day, Brooke's *Fool of Quality*"—which by the way was John Wesley's favourite, if not only novel. His father was never an admirer of Shakespeare, "the English idolatry of whom he used to attack with severity." The first book of Spenser he read to his son, but English poetry had but the scantiest place in his curriculum. Some of the books he names, such as Rollin's *History*, had place on humbler shelves during the earlier half of the last century. But it must be enough to note how far removed he is from Macaulay in his praise of "the school logic," drilled into him by his father. "I am persuaded that nothing in modern education tends so much, when properly used, to form exact thinkers. . . . The boasted influence of mathematical studies is nothing to it; for in mathematical processes none of the real difficulties of correct ratiocination occur."

The two men are types of two classes of readers that have always been, and will continue to be while literature lives,—the one systematic in the main, with an object distinctly in view; the other not without purpose, but ranging more freely, with more of spontaneity in its choice, and looking out on books as the eye looks out on whatever interests it. Macaulay's habit of reading left its traces on his career, but its range was perhaps the best preparation for his particular work, and no one who remembers with what pains his own *History* was written—two pages a day representing only the final setting of his facts—could say it made him shallow. The limitations in Mill's course are more clearly seen. They go far to account for the quick dissolution of an influence that was once ascendant. The lacunæ in his reading are the gaps in his philosophy. Yet both these great bookmen had equally in view the intellectual awakening of the people.

Are we to-day in England beyond the need which made Macaulay on the Hooghly cry out for *Robinson Crusoe* and *Jack the Giant-Killer*? There are signs that the question is coming up in new forms. A recent critic discussing a volume on *Greek Thinkers*, by Gompertz, of the University of Vienna, quotes the phrase of a French thinker, "*Heureux temps, où l'humanité*

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n'est pas encore accablée sous le poids de ses inventions et de son histoire," and goes on to add his own criticism: "No doubt of it; the multiplication of books and the preservation of knowledge have ruined education. The world is the gainer by its experience; but the individual pays the price, and staggers under his burden." We might, on the lower plane, ask the younger Hooligan whether the story of David and Goliath has no power to awaken him? But the question is one that concerns a vastly larger class. Bishop Creighton not long ago said, that the need of the day was not so much more reading as more thinking; and he said this in view of the rash and hasty judgments which sometimes surprise us in public affairs, and are one of the fruits of a journalism which aims to live under the high pressure of a continuous sensationalism.

It is startling to find a like lament, that thought is wanting, coming to us from the fields of action. They tell us from South Africa, whether it be true or not, that the war has revealed great defects of education; that the lack of initiative in both officers and men has been conspicuous. There may be explanation, but the statement has provoked inquiry. It has also served to revive the old complaint that our workshops have fallen behind, and are in ever-increasing peril under the new competitions of commerce and the redivision of territorial influence that seems impending. New fleets, new markets, new opportunities, new dangers, call for new brains.

When the thinking is supposed to have been done, when the appliances that modern ingenuity has supplied lie ready at hand, there is no longer the strain on the mind which brought out the reflective or inventive faculties. When the little workshop where one man did many things vanishes, and he becomes a unit in monotonous toil,—when the small provincial house that had mind to manage a trade is swallowed,—there may be serious loss of mental power to the nation. But beyond these social changes, we are assured by those who should know that our idolised science has something to do with the apparent deficiencies of the average man of the higher and middle classes. Tell it not to the shade of Darwin, though he himself acknowledged a limitation, and a narrowing tendency in his studies. They say that content with ascertained facts is killing the fancy and dimming the vision. This is no

inevitable result of science, yet it is as sure as any fact can be that lack of imagination is as fatal in business as in art. The conditions of city life as they now rule are far more likely to be telling prejudicially. They make a demand on the nation which is heavier than the Chancellor's taxes, and more disastrous than a national debt. The immense perpetual movement of London, for one thing, is becoming an evil to all classes. It diminishes the total working force. It may make men keener, but it tends to make them more shallow. To hundreds of thousands of the working-class it means long hours of toil and few of rest: to use Lord Shaftesbury's phrase, "no time to live." No one can say that the Englishman of to-day is less alert than his forefathers, but he is judged by other and higher requirements, and as yet is unequal to them. What would those little fellows who learnt Greek at four—or that tiny marvel Isaac Watts, who wished to "be measured by the soul," and to Greek and Latin and French added at thirteen a knowledge of Hebrew,—say, could they hear a modern school-boy talk? Yet is not the latter better equipped? So we come back to our first question: Where must the new mental awakening begin, and what relation have books to it?

One aspect of this subject in its relation to the children of the Board Schools was very effectively treated at the last annual meeting of the National Home-Reading Union. The new Educational Code has greatly increased the facilities for an awakening education. According to Sir Charles Elliot, there is a great deal of teaching which is still formal, and dry, and does not interest, but there is also an influence at work which is vital and moves the spirit strongly. The Union are striving to strengthen this mental movement by bringing home to the children the delights of reading. Dr. Sophie Bryant, touching on the subject of industrial efficiency, said:

"Technical education in its lower sense is simply showing people how to do better what it is they want to do, or others want them to do, so that they have the executive processes to be carried out more completely at their fingers' ends. This may very likely mean that they think less for themselves; it must mean that they have less room left in the regulation of their active impulses for doing whatever they please to do, or, I would rather put it, for doing whatever comes into their heads to do. And, if you never do what comes into your mind to do, a time arrives when nothing comes into your mind of all. That, I think, is the

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danger. To leaders of industry and leaders in the cultivation of the human mind—educationists, as we call them—I would like to plead that, whatever they do, they should take care to leave enough room over for the initiative of the persons with whom they have to deal."

Literature and art, she urged, are natural playgrounds, and always room should be left for this play of mind. Parallel with this advice, and supplementary, is an American sentence which we recently read: "Leave room in your mind for the thoughts to come up and breathe."

Nothing could be wiser than the judgment passed by Professor Earl Barnes on the "democratised literature" which has come like a flood upon the people.

"Everything is cut into fragments. And it is because the democratised mind demands it. It cannot stand the fatigue of attention; so that it is perfectly right to cater to the demand, granted the demand is to be met. In the second place, the simple, undeveloped mind that is coming to demand all this modern printed matter has certain elements that it appreciates—life through emotion, and not through thought. Emotions precede thought in the evolution of human beings, and, so any simple undeveloped thing like a boy, a good, straight, nice boy, or, a good, straight, nice man or woman, with an undeveloped mind—tends to feel things and not think them. This new democracy, that is getting this mass of print, wants to feel things and not think them; therefore it must appeal to the emotions, and not to the mind. And in the third place, the psychological quality that is dominant is the immediately personal demand. The undeveloped and simple cast of mind starts always from itself and works out; it starts with the concrete, with a particular man and a particular woman; it gets to the abstract with difficulty—the thing must be embodied; and so all this literature gathers round men and women. If we are going to carry along the whole body of people, giving them every form of opportunity, then we must recognise the facts and deal with them accordingly. . . . We must see that reading is graded so that the smallest form of mind will find its form of reading, and the highest form will also find its form of reading; we must organise and grade the reading material of the world, and do it conscientiously; we must make the short bits complete as far as we can; we must make the emotional part appeal to the better emotions and not the worst—make them appeal to men like Gordon and not to men like Jim Corbett. We must make them gather around worthy personalities. The material presented to any particular group of children or of adults should be just one degree in front of them and never of a kind that is exactly where they are—in that case we have the arrested development. But if we can present material that is just the next step ahead of the group we want to work with, then they must reach—and reaching means education."

This is admirable. "*The reading must be graded.*" For it is of the utmost moment that these tendencies should not

become all-prevailing, and govern to the deterioration of higher ideals. They are a first product, it may be, of "the three R's," which were at the beginning of national education; but they are in a wider sense a product of the time,—of its increasing population, of its quicker movement, its railways, its telegraphs, its larger interests, its overcrowding, its dread of solitude and dullness, its weariness, its keener life, its greater physical and nervous strain. The general movement is one of growth; it may be the exultant hobble-de-hoy period that has to be lived through. Mixed with so much that may be challenged is so much that is of high quality. Yet the educated voice of the nation begins to protest lest it be overwhelmed. Mr. Saintsbury closes his survey of English literature with a suggestion that possibly another generation may not require a literature at all. Would that be inevitable calamity? Or should we so get back to the times when nations were quickened by hunger, and have the joy of beginning the world's thinking over again, with possibly a Babylonish Mudie to help us with a few clay tablets?

The last century had also to face this question of popular reading, and it did so worthily. When it began, there were large numbers of the people that could not read at all; but could a land remain illiterate when Walter Scott was writing, and Byron and Wordsworth and a score of illustrious names were creating a new literature? It is interesting to note that in 1802 the *Edinburgh Review* began its course, reaching in its first number a circulation of seven hundred and fifty, which grew to nine thousand in the first six years, and reached by 1813, with the aid of Macaulay and a brilliant band, only to thirteen thousand. The *Quarterly Review* followed in 1809. *Blackwood* began its notable history in 1817. The literary movement of the succeeding years was a national force, but it was intellectual rather than popular, though there was much written then that lived through the century. The appearance of *Chambers Journal* in 1832 marked a new stage. Its circulation soon rose to thirty thousand weekly. For the next twenty or thirty years its volumes were an oasis in the school or family library. Who that remembers the times when a newspaper might not be seen for weeks together, does not recollect those broad pages that seemed to widen all the world, and fill it with life

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and sunshine and pleasant dreams? The year of its advent was the year of the great Reform Bill. Already the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had begun its work. Brougham and Macintosh, Russell and Althorp, Maltby and Hallam, William Allen and Cornwall Lewis, were only a few of the names associated with it, which showed how the need had been recognised by the nation. We mention it as indicating a dominant aim in the book world of the period that followed. Sensationalism seems out of the running, though Charles Knight, that philanthropist of bookland, bewailed the extinction of *The Penny Magazine* which the Society had launched, as due to "the hundreds of reams of vile paper and printing issued weekly, to the disgrace of cheap literature." *The Penny Magazine* had by the end of its first year a circulation of 200,000—a fact almost unbelievable in these days, considering that it had no stories, serial or other. It failed partly no doubt for the reason given by Mr. Knight, but also because it had not enough of the ethical element to give it lasting power. But the higher motives and higher standards were conspicuous beyond the reach of any societies. How much that was intellectually good had place in Knight's own Shilling Volumes. It may seem invidious to mention names, but by common consent the eighty volumes of Murray's Family Library were a fine ideal for the English home. What a high level had Longmans' cheaper series. It was the age of bookshelves, and of patient reading when Bohn began his Standard Libraries; and at that time before the days of yellow backs, what fine bits of literature were proffered in cheap form. (And fortunately we have them still in even better presentment.) The Religious Tract Society had its own limitations; but let any one glance at the subjects of its "Sixpenny Monthly Volumes" that were forty years ago so popular—not a story among them—and it will be seen at a moment how changed—doubtless in part by better substitution—is the outlook of even the religious world. Are then the more serious elements of life undervalued now? By no means; much the contrary. Is capitalism overbearing literature, and laying out the academic groves for the money market? They say so, and we do

not believe it. The standards of the mass of the people are in truth higher.

All the old possibilities remain, but we have come to the times of transition. There is temporary eclipse of some things; good work is overlaid, though the best still finds its way. But John Bright's simile of driving four omnibuses abreast through Temple Bar is as nothing to the crush of publishing time, when the thin line of the "C.I.V.'s" struggling through a sympathetic crowd, with many bruises, more resembles the progress of a book to fame. Moreover, a magnificent literature that years cannot stale lies housed in London. There is greater and more various power at the service of the multitude; the ranges of knowledge are extended; culture is more general. Far more than the best that has been done is possible, and will yet be seen. It remains only that we do not allow the higher standards to be overborne; that those who care for the higher education combine to secure it; and that we each do our "grading" carefully.

And still, what shall we read, how shall we read? is a question that is being ever repeated. There is often deep interest in the inquiries made. They make us think of the "tap, tap" of a blind man's stick—where am I?—and we see him stretching forth his hand for friendly guidance.

"The ignorance that exists even in thickly-populated places about books and the state of the book market, and about the books that can be got and how much they cost, is something perfectly appalling. You may be in a large town and find it impossible to discover any one who can give you any assistance whatsoever of a practical character into the nature of what you should read on a particular subject, what the books are, where they are to be got, or how much they cost. It is impossible to exaggerate the depth of people's ignorance on that subject." So testified Mr. Birrell at a meeting of the National Home-Reading Union.

This is one of the consequences of "the multiplication of books and the preservation of knowledge" which our Greek philosophers tell us is ruining education.

In another paper we may pursue the subject.

W. STEVENS.

A £50,000 Stone

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

AUTHOR OF "BY RIGHT OF SWORD," ETC.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

HAROLD BOOTH tells how on returning from his club to his chambers, he found in a pocket of his great-coat a magnificent diamond. Next day he receives a letter signed "Arathoon Mookerjee," in which the writer says that in the cloak-room of the club, he had by mistake dropped a diamond into Mr. Booth's coat pocket instead of his own. The same day Mookerjee calls, accompanied by his son, at Mr. Booth's chambers. During their visit, Mookerjee's son has a fainting fit, and Harold Booth finds that the stone has been changed.

Booth asks his friend, Jack Dilworth, to go home with the Mookerjees and satisfy himself that they are all right, having previously brought from the solicitors' a confidential clerk, Leighton, who thinks that the Mookerjees have not got the stone.

Jack Dilworth returns without Mookerjee, but with a copy of the *Gazette* offering £2000 for the recovery of a diamond stolen from St. Anne's Gate.

III

IT was some time before I recovered from the condition of increased surprise at the fresh phase which Dilworth's news had put on the affair.

My first sensation was one of intense and bitter disappointment. Here had been almost within my grasp a sum of money which to me at that time seemed like a fortune, and it had been snatched away at the very last moment.

I was angry with both my companions. With Mr. Leighton for having advised me to let the Indians go; and with Jack for having let them slip through his fingers afterwards. The others were equally irritated at the mistakes they had made. In the first flush of temper each of us blamed the other; and some very nasty speeches rattled about the room.

This cooled the air and did good.

"Suppose you tell us pretty fully, Jack," I said, "how Mookerjee gave you the slip."

"Certainly; though the thing's so simple now it's been done that there's not much to explain. The crafty rascal took me in because, instead of trying soft soap with me, he giped and sneered at me the whole way; only varying it by wiring into the boy. We hailed a cab the moment we turned into the Strand, and when getting in, the boy trod on the father's toes. He blazed up instantly, and boxed his ears there and then, and abused him in English like a pickpocket, his temper increasing in violence every time he spoke to the boy; while the latter said not a word, but sat

looking in an awful fright, with the tears running down his cheeks."

"I begin to see. . . ." interposed Leighton, smiling.

"No, you don't," retorted Jack angrily.

"What do you begin to see?"

"Shut up, Jack, and get on," said I.

"Why pretend to be so wise after the event?" he growled, in a surly manner, and resumed: "Well, then he'd turn on me and give me all sorts of threats of what he would do for the indignity put on him here; and he picked out what he called my keen foresight within a three-foot radius, as the chief string on which to harp, and he played it all the way to his rooms in Russell Square. As soon as the cab stopped, he bundled the boy out, and, giving him another cuff on the head the moment his foot was over the threshold, sent him up to his bedroom with the promise of a thrashing. He led me into his rooms, which are on the dining-room floor; large rooms, communicating with folding doors.

"Now, what sort of proof do you want?" he asked. "You pride yourself on your sharpness; say what proof do you want?"

"He bustled about the room, and began to lay a number of papers before me as I sat at the table. Next he rang the bell and sent for the landlady, asking her to identify him.

"See, here is my cheque-book; here is my pass-book; here are letters addressed to me here. Will you have something to drink? Coffee? Wine? No? Very well. Do you smoke? You won't? Then I will. Now, here are letters from my head house in Calcutta, also from my agents. Read

them; read them all, to the last line; they will show you I do business on what even you may think a large scale. Stay, I have it. You shall examine my despatch box.' He went through the folding doors into the bedroom, and returned with a small black box, which he put on the table before me. 'Here is the key,' and he gave me a bunch out of his pocket. 'Be quick and open it,' he said. 'I have other proofs, plenty. I will fetch you a packet of invoices.' I was bending over the box trying to fit the key as he said this. It was not easy to open, but I managed it just as he called to me from the bedroom. 'There are many papers there, but you will find what you want most readily in the left corner.'

"I took out a package, but it contained nothing but some newspaper cuttings. I told him so, and when he did not answer directly, I took out other papers. But there was nothing of what he had said. Then I guessed."

"He'd cut it," interposed Leighton, who had been as interested as myself in Dilworth's story.

"Right. It was a plant. He'd given me that box to keep my attention for a moment, and in that moment he had left the house."

"What did you do?"

"Well, I rang the bell, and asked where the lad's room was, and whether he was in. But of course I was told that the boy slept in his father's room; and then I knew that all the quarrel between them was just a trick to find an excuse for the lad not coming into the room with us. I ran out into the street; but there was not the faintest chance of my finding him, so I gave it up and came back here to own myself tricked. I was completely beaten by the whole thing, till I bought the *Gazette*, and got a gleam of light from that."

"There's no doubt he tricked you," said Leighton nastily.

"None of us shine so far," I put in. "But now, what's to be done? and, most crucial question of all — where's the diamond?"

"I don't pretend to answer that," said Leighton. "But we are smoothing out the crooks, one by one. There's no doubt now that our black friend is a rogue, and we may now interpret his actions on that foundation."

"Don't know about smoothing out the crooks," retorted Dilworth. "Seems to

me more as if we ourselves were the flats, and he's doing the smoothing."

"That's all right; but up to now, we've had positively no evidence to go on. You can't treat a man as a rogue unless you've something to go upon." Leighton spoke very irritably.

"Rot," exclaimed Dilworth impetuously. "Can't you see——"

"It's no use bandying words," I said, interposing. "If we've made mistakes, we've made them, and can't unmake them. The thing is what we're going to do next."

"You won't be bothered any more about that diamond, Mr. Booth, at any rate," said Leighton. "The man's bolted, and that'll free you."

"Bothered about it?" I cried. "But that's just what I want to be, now that there's two thousand pounds to be got by being bothered."

"What will you take for your reversionary interest in that two thou?" asked Dilworth, with a grin. "Half-a-crown, or what?"

"Don't play the fool, Jack," said I, nettled at his manner.

"I've done that already, old man. But now, I'll tell you what I've been thinking as I drove back. I believe this beggar stole the diamond, and that either by accident or for some reason I don't pretend to understand, he popped it into your coat. He found out who you were, or he may have known beforehand who you were, and then wrote to you, thinking to get it without difficulty. He is evidently in a fair position, or able to appear so, and hence all the talk about his bankers and so on."

"Well? We knew all that," said I impatiently.

"Wait a bit. He came here, and had with him this thing"—touching the bit of crystal—"and fearing the delay when he found you wouldn't part, carried out the trick of the boy's fit. But whatever it was, the stones were changed, and Mookerjee intended to be off as soon as possible. My discovery of the change prevented that; and what we have to do is to settle what became of the diamond when he found he couldn't get away with it."

"Mr. Leighton and I have already got as far as that, Jack," said I, "by a rather different reasoning; but search as we may, we can't find the faintest trace of the stone. You know how we searched their clothes;

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well, we have searched the rooms every bit as closely, and it isn't here."

"Then I give it up," said Dilworth. "I admit he has beaten me hollow."

Just then we heard some one coming upstairs. A telegraph messenger came in and asked whether a Mr. Leighton was there.

Leighton took the buff envelope and tore it open hastily.

"I must go, Mr. Booth," he said, when he had read it, and his voice seemed to suggest that he wasn't at all sorry to go.

"The message is from the governor, Mr. George Morris, and he wires me to go to him at his house in Cromwell Road, immediately. It must be something urgent. May be connected with the lost diamond."

"What would you advise me to do?" I said, as he put his hat on.

"I'll talk the whole thing over with the governor. It'll interest him. He likes mysteries."

"If that's all Morris and Morris can do in the way of brainy clerks, I'm sorry I'm not a lawyer," said Dilworth, when Leighton had gone. "If he hadn't been a dummy head, we should never have lost touch of this Mookerjee."

"I don't think any of us need blame the others," I answered; and Jack didn't follow up the subject. We drifted into a general lament about the loss of the stone and of the big reward which was offered.

Presently we made some tea, and had a pipe, while we looked ruefully at the mess which we had made of the furniture and things in general in the search for the stone. But though we thought of nothing else but the strange experience, we got no nearer to any plan of action or to any solution of the puzzle.

When Leighton had been gone rather less than half-an-hour, another telegram came, this time for me.

I opened it, and the pink paper nearly fell from my hands as I read the message.

"They've caught him, Jack, as I'm a sinner," I cried excitedly. "Listen. 'Booth, Pollock's Inn, Strand. The big jewel robbery Arathoon Mookerjee has been arrested and is at Marylebone police station can you come at once or wire when and where I can see you immediately. Denham, Solicitor, 175 Marylebone Road, W.'"

"Splendid," exclaimed Dilworth. "I am glad. If I can put a spoke in that beggar's wheel for having diddled me in that way this afternoon, it'll give me

more pleasure than enough. I'd give something to have a chance of getting level with him. Look sharp, we'll go, of course, not wire. This is the best news yet by a long chalk."

"I wonder how they caught him, and where?" I asked, as we both got up and began to get ready to go out.

"I don't care where. Thank goodness, he jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire of the Marylebone police."

We both laughed at this; but then we had suddenly fallen into a laughing humour.

"Where are my gloves, I wonder?" said I. "Everything's in such a beastly mess, I can't find a thing."

"Oh, never mind your gloves, man," cried Dilworth impatiently. He was never particular about his dress.

"Wait a bit, I'll get another pair;" and I ran into the bedroom. "Here we are, come along," I cried, as I joined him.

But his mood had changed in that instant.

"Stop a bit, Harold. Suppose that telegram's another part of the plant. Man, I believe I've hit the bull's-eye this time."

He was now talking excitedly, and he plunged his hands deep into his trousers pockets and walked up and down the room, clearing his path of any obstacles left by the search by kicking them out of the way.

"I've got it, as sure as I've been fooled to-day; though I was as near being had a second time as the Inn is to the Strand. I tell you what. That stone's in this room at this moment, if we—and look here"—interrupting himself in his eagerness—"that telegram to Leighton's another trick. The dodge is to get us all out of the room while they come and get the stone from the place they put it in. I see it all, like a brief folio."

"What do you see?" I was growing impatient at the jerky manner in which he was uttering his thoughts. "What are you going to do?"

"I tell you what we'll do. We'll make them show us where they've hidden that blessed stone—since we can't find it ourselves. We'll go out and hurry off, and take a cab as if we were going west, as this wire wants us to; and then one of us or both can just sneak back and in again, without being seen. I'll bet you what you like that beggar's on the look-out. He'll



I SHRANK BACK INSTINCTIVELY

follow us till he's satisfied we mean going to Marylebone, and then he'll break in here and get what he's after."

"I think one of us should go to Marylebone," said I, "in case there's any truth in the report."

"We could settle that by a wire, man. But it may be a better decoy if one of us

does go on. I'll go. Come on. I'll show you how to lead them on a false trail."

We went out, shut the door with a loud bang behind us, clattered down-stairs and across the court quickly, talking noisily and excitedly all the time about the arrest. Then we walked to the end of Wych Street, and through the courts there to Catherine Street, and into Wellington Street, where we jumped into a cab.

As soon as it reached the top, I jumped

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out and ran back past old Drury at my top speed, and entered the Inn from the Clare Market side, getting into my rooms in the quickest possible time. And I must confess that, as I crept up the staircase and let myself in, my heart was beating quite as quickly from excitement as from the exertions I had made to elude detection and to return unobserved to my chambers

IV

As soon as I was safely inside, I sat down on the first chair I could feel—it was impossible to see anything—to get my breath, and to plan how to act.

The room was in complete confusion, as the result of the search for the stone, and I was afraid to move from my chair, lest I should make a noise and so alarm any one who might be contemplating an illicit visit.

My first thought was that there might be some danger attached to my watch, and that as I was alone, I had better have some means of self-defence. For this purpose I crept into the bedroom, going very slowly and carefully, and got my revolver, which I kept always loaded. I put it in my pocket ready for emergencies.

By the time I had done that, I found my eyes were getting accustomed to the darkness. There should have been a moon, I knew, but the sky seemed too thick for it to be seen; though after a few minutes I could see well enough to be able to distinguish objects in the room, and thus to move about without knocking anything down. The range and clearness of my vision increased rapidly. It was a singular situation; and my pulses quickened a bit as I stood now and then to listen for any sound close at hand. But I heard nothing, save the muffled hum of life without.

There were not many residents in the Inn, and most of the offices were closed, or were being closed; and more than once I heard the sharp bang of a door somewhere in the Inn, followed now and then by the faint jingle of keys, the tramp of hurrying feet, and perhaps the whistled refrain of a popular song.

Right opposite my windows, on the other side of the semicircular grass-plot, was a lamp, and when my eyes had grown quite accustomed to the semi-gloom, the light of this showed faintly on the wall of my room opposite to the window.

I noticed this first, owing to the dim shadow which my figure cast on the wall; and this served as a warning to rouse me fully to the necessities of the situation. I moved hastily out of the line of light; and this set me speculating how the attempt would be made to enter the room.

One thing I felt instinctively. My strongest position, supposing any one did enter the place, would be between him and his means of entrance, so as to be able to cut off his retreat.

I could not judge, however, whether the entrance would be made by the door or by one of the windows. There was an excellent hiding-place in the space between the windows where the curtains all but touched. But the door seemed the more probable point of attack; and I chose a place, therefore, where the door when opened would hide me; and at the same time I arranged how I could quickly change to the place by the window, should it be necessary.

I waited almost as still as death, and strained my ears to the utmost tension to catch the faintest sound of any one coming. How long I stayed thus I can't say; but I counted my heart-beats up to a hundred several times, and was beginning to think we were on the wrong track again, when suddenly my pulse gave a great leap, and I heard the outside door tried so stealthily, slowly, and cunningly, that I should not have heard it, had not the lock given a slight click as the pressure was withdrawn.

I knew in a moment what the sound meant. The lock wanted oil, and the spring had a trick of catching and then releasing itself with the click I had heard. I braced myself in a moment, and involuntarily my fingers closed round my revolver.

The next instant, however, I released them, and was conscious of no feeling save an intense and almost painful effort in listening to a different sound that came to my ear.

It was outside, somewhere; not on the staircase.

Then for an instant I shrank back instinctively, and tried to hide in my corner as the head and shoulders of a man gloomed for an instant the dim light of one of my windows. Only for a moment; then it disappeared as quickly.

Without stopping to think connectedly, I divined that the entry was to be made by the window, and I crossed the room silently and rapidly to the space between the

windows, and drew the curtains so that they would hide me entirely.

Then I arranged a slight opening so that I could see what was going on in any part of the room, and another through which I could watch the man's actions outside the window.

It was a splendid hiding-place, and I was glad at having done so well.

But I had no time for thinking.

A grating sound outside the window told me that the man was at work, and peeping cautiously I saw him with one foot on the window-sill leaning forward to insert a knife between the window-sashes to push back the bolt.

Then I understood why he had chosen to enter by the window. The staircase window was near enough for an agile man to be able to get out of it and step on to the sill of mine. All he had to do was to push back the bolt of my window and the way was clear.

I went back with a somewhat loud snap; and the thief seemed to stop as he heard it and listen. I started too, and shrank behind my curtains, as if I myself had caused the noise. Then I watched him as he gently raised the lower sash.

I strung up every nerve in my body, thinking that in a moment more he would be inside the room and the real tussle would begin.

But instead of entering he disappeared altogether; and then I remembered what until that moment I had forgotten—that there were bars to the window which would prevent any man entering by that means.

What was he going to do, then?

I was not long in doubt.

He had scarcely gone when a much slimmer and slighter figure appeared, and almost before I had realised what had happened, he had slung himself on to the window ledge, squeezed through the narrow bars, and was in the room.

I could see the slim figure easily in the dim light, much more easily than he could see anything in the room, seemingly; for he stood still, turning his head this way and that, as if to accustom his eyes to the gloom as I had done.

Then from the window at my side I heard the chink of iron against the bars of the window, and a low guttural voice said something which I did not understand. I looked out and saw that a rope had been hooked on to the bar of the window.

The lad turned his face to the window and answered; and then I recognised him as the boy Mookerjee had called his son, who had had the fit in my room in the afternoon.

I knew then that sure enough he had come for the stone, and my spirits rose as I perceived that I could easily follow his movements, and that if it came to any rough-and-tumble business I should have no difficulty in securing him.

I smiled to myself at the thought of how the wily Indian had, after all, given himself away.

But the smile died away as a suggestion occurred to me that I had made what might be a bad blunder.

The boy had probably been put through the window so that he could open the door for the father, and I bothered myself to think how I could possibly get back to the other end of the room to be able to cut off their retreat.

The boy made no attempt, however, to open the door, but continued to stand stock still by the table, merely looking about him, turning his head in various directions, and feeling about with his hands.

I thought rapidly, and resolved that if I saw him move to the door and make any attempt to admit the father, I would stop him at all hazards, make him a prisoner, and hold him as a sort of hostage to bring the father to terms.

But he showed no intention to do anything of the kind, but just remained standing by the table.

Presently I guessed the reason of this. He was puzzled at the disorder which reigned everywhere.

Probably he could not see clearly in the gloom, and was afraid to move, as I had been, lest he should make a noise, and so bring some one to the place.

The persistency with which he stood by the table, instead of going to that part of the room where the stone must have been hidden, began to breed in me a curious kind of annoyance. I was impatient to know where they had managed to secrete the stone so cleverly; and yet here was the lad fooling away the time just fiddling about on the table.

I had made up my mind that he would go straight to the corner in which he had had the sham fit, and I had been particularly careful to have a clear view of the spot from my hiding-place.

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But he did not seem to give a thought to the corner, and remained with all his attention riveted to the table.

I saw him passing his hands in all directions over it, feeling everything that lay upon it, and more than once I heard a faint mutter as of disappointment escape his lips.

At length, as if driven to a distasteful step, he drew some matches from his pocket and lighted one, without, however, making a sound.

It gave a feeble flickering light as he shaded it with his hands carefully; but it threw a gleam on his face, and I was struck by the look of keen, concentrated, eager cunning which showed there.

With this small light he resumed his search among the things on the table, holding it now here, now there, while his sharp, ferrety eyes hunted for something he could not find.

I was baffled completely by the turn things were taking. It seemed ridiculous to think the stone was on my table.

When the match burnt out he kindled another, then a third, and a fourth, and then others, and continued his search until I could see in his face the signs of disappointment and anxious fear.

Suddenly, however, a low exclamation escaped him, a soft cry of pleasure, just at the moment that one of the matches burnt itself out. There was no mistaking the meaning of the cry. Whatever it was he was looking for, he had found it.

He lit another match, and then came down to the end of the table near the window. We had huddled there a number of the things which usually lay about on the table, when we had piled on the heap of other things taken out of bookshelves, brackets, and cupboards.

He was so close that he almost touched me as he held the match over the heap of things and reached out his hand and seized one.

What it was I could not see, the heap of things being in the way, and I did not wait to find it out.

I chose that moment to pounce on him.

I seized the arm which had taken the object off the table, and held it in a tight grip as I asked—

"What are you doing here, you young thief?"

Exactly what happened, I don't remember in any orderly sequence.

He yelled out pretty much as he had yelled in the sham fit in the afternoon. The match was extinguished, of course, and I was conscious of a tremendous blow on one shin while there was the gleam of a dagger-blade, and I felt a stab in the calf of the other. Then the slim, lithe form of the lad vanished through the window, and I was left sitting on the floor of my chambers grasping something, I didn't know what, in my right hand.

Next I lit the gas; and then I saw that what I held in my hand was nothing but my own penwiper!

In my rage I threw it down on the table with an exclamation, in which all my infinite disappointment and chagrin found some slight vent. Then the pain of my leg, and the knowledge that the blood was trickling down into my boot, took my attention, and I examined the wound the young heathen had made. I dressed it as well as I could, determined that not even the need of a doctor should take me out of the rooms until Jack returned.

I bathed it and bandaged it as tightly as I could, when a thought came into my head that set me on fire.

I let the bandage take care of itself, and rushing back to the spot where I had flung down the penwiper, picked it up and examined it minutely.

My thought was that possibly the thing had in some way been used by Mookerjee as a hiding-place for the diamond. It was a ridiculous thought; but I was by that time strung up sufficiently to think anything and do anything.

I saw nothing unusual about it, however, and though I tugged at it and twisted it in all directions, there was no result.

Yet what had the boy wanted with the thing?

As a kind of forlorn hope I began to cut at it with my knife, gingerly and timidly.

And then with a sudden revulsion of feeling I experienced such a thrill of pleasure as I shall never feel again, when a sudden splitting of the wood showed me the magnificent jewel lying in the hollowed-out base of what I had mistaken for my own common brush penwiper.

At that the scales fell from my eyes, and I perceived in a moment all the artifice and trickery of the Indians.



I CHOSE THAT MOMENT TO POUNCE ON HIM

V

JACK DILWORTH and I went together the next morning to the solicitors, Messrs. Dallas, who had advertised for the recovery

of the diamond. The senior partner received us, and at first manifestly disbelieved the story I told him. He was a pursy, fat, prosperous man, who seemed to pride himself on having detected everybody else's dishonesty.

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"It is a very extraordinary thing," he said, leaning his elbows on the table and pressing his pudgy finger-tips together. "You know, of course, that our instructions are not to ask any questions, but just to satisfy ourselves and our client that the stone is the stone, and then pay over the reward. You know that?" and he looked at me over the top of his gold spectacles.

"I know nothing about your instructions. I only know what I read in the advertisement."

"Ah, you are a cautious young man. Well, you found the diamond in your pocket, so you are as lucky as you are cautious." His tone suggested that he thought I had stolen the diamond, and was fencing with him so as not to commit myself.

"Is this the diamond that you lost?" I asked. I could keep my temper as a rule, but the man's manner galled me.

"Quite right, that is the question. I must add the epithet shrewd, I see. Cautious, shrewd, and lucky—especially lucky."

An angry exclamation rose to my lips, but was not uttered, for the reason that Jack burst into a laugh, loud and boisterous, and rude enough to startle Mr. Dallas considerably.

"I hope you are enjoying yourself, sir," said the solicitor, turning red, "but for the life of me I see no cause to laugh."

"Sorry for that," said Jack, with cool impudence, "but I am not surprised. I was laughing at you;" and he continued to grin, while he stared point blank into the old gentleman's red angry face.

"I consider your conduct very offensive, sir," said the latter. "Very offensive indeed, sir."

"One moment," said Jack, his manner changing instantly. "Please to remember that within the last five minutes you have chosen to insinuate that we are both thieves and liars—that we came by the diamond dishonestly, lied about it, and came here to make capital out of our theft. Will you tell us what was the best thing for us to do, being honest men; to laugh at you for your silly mistake, or go out of the room and refuse to have any more dealings with a man who could wilfully make such an offensive blunder?"

Whether Jack's bluntness frightened the old gentleman or the rough logic struck home, or he was afraid of losing the

diamond, and thought it best to assume a different attitude, I cannot say, but after a pause, in which he seemed to be in danger of choking with the anger he was swallowing, he burst into a laugh, and positively got up and shook hands with Jack and then with me, and half apologised, while his whole bearing changed.

"I really am sorry, I am indeed," he said, "but these jewel cases are the most irritating one can have. What's your theory, now, on all this business?"

"In my opinion, the man who calls himself Mookerjee dropped the stone into my pocket at the club intentionally," I said. "I believe he thought himself hard pressed and in danger of being searched, and that he dared not keep the stone on him."

At this point a younger man, the son of the senior partner, came into the room. He was a man of a very different type from his father. He seemed to take in the situation the moment it was explained to him that our visit concerned the diamond, and it was evident that he knew a great deal more than his father about the matter.

I explained briefly what I had already said.

"You are probably right. We had a shrewd suspicion that this Mookerjee—it is not his real name, of course—who is the biggest diamond thief in the world, was concerned in this; and it is true that the day before yesterday he was followed, and we did contemplate the bold step of arresting him. He must have got wind of it."

"How was the diamond stolen?" asked Jack.

The younger man laughed.

"Under circumstances that will not be made public," he said. "It belongs to an Indian prince who is now in London—there are you know three princes in town just now—and there is a lady in the case. The jewel is one of a set in a diadem, and this was recently worn under circumstances which gave the lady, or the lady's confederate, an opportunity of stealing it. Mookerjee has followed that diadem all over the world, I believe, and the wonder is that when his chance came he took only one out of three stones, all of which are of nearly equal value. We can only conjecture that some of his arrangements failed. It is not the money value that would have distressed our client, but the difficulty of meeting with a stone of the same kind. You understand now why no questions will

be asked. But please go on telling us how the recovery has been made so promptly."

"Having dropped it into my coat, he wrote saying he had made the mistake, and he called at my chambers yesterday afternoon. I was disposed to give it up at once, when he described it so accurately; but my friend Mr. Dilworth dissuaded me. Then he carried out a plan which he had evidently thought out minutely before coming. He was manifestly afraid to leave the stone openly in my possession lest I should get to hear that it had been stolen—he represented himself as a dealer of course—and by an exceedingly clever trick, he changed it."

"Changed it! How?" exclaimed the son.

"He brought with him a crystal cut to the exact shape and size of this stone. His boy shammed to have a fit, and while the attention of us both was occupied with the lad, the father substituted the false for the real gem; and he did this with an artfulness which baffled us completely for the time. He foresaw that, although the crystal was precisely like the diamond and that he would hurry out of the room as soon as the change had been made, it was necessary for him to provide against the chance of the trick being discovered, and he himself being detained and searched. He had to arrange therefore that he could be searched and yet have nothing found on him. And that is precisely what happened. He played the trick right under our very noses, and yet we had no suspicion."

"He's as deep as the sea," muttered Dilworth.

"How did he do it? Do you know?"

"I found it out, but only after an exciting experience. Dilworth here detected the change of the stone before they had left, and we of course detained them. I sent up to Morris and Morris to let a sharp man come and see the thing through, and by his advice we searched both the Indians, and then let them go; and then we searched the room. We found nothing. Next we received two bogus telegrams. One to Morris's clerk, Mr. Leighton, calling him to South Kensington, and one to me with a cock and bull story that Mookerjee had been arrested, and that a solicitor named Denham, from whom the telegram purported to come, wanted to see me immediately. It was Dilworth again who after a while saw through the trick—that Mookerjee had left

the diamond in the room although we could not find it, and that he wanted to get us both away from it while he returned to fetch it. It was our turn now to trick him; so we both went out, laid a false trail, and I returned to my rooms."

"Well?" said both partners together, when I paused.

"The attempt was made by the two together, but only the lad came into the room. I caught him just as he had found what he had come to search for, and then he gave me a prod in the calf of the leg with some sort of knife and got away—but he left without taking the diamond with him."

"How did you find it after all?" said the younger man.

"For all the world as though the man had been performing a conjuring trick. It was hidden in the bottom of what looked like my own old wooden brush penwiper."

"But how on earth could he do that?" said the senior partner.

"Dilworth and I settled that point in the long chat we had over the matter in the night. We did not care to go to bed, lest some other villany might be attempted. This was the method. He managed to get an accurate description of this old brush penwiper. It is the sort of thing that lies unheeded and untouched on a man's table for years, and the choice of such a hiding-place shows his astute craftiness; and he came with an exact duplicate in his pocket; the duplicate having a hollow instead of a solid wooden bottom. When the boy had the fit, he changed the stone, popped the real stone into the prepared receptacle—he could do this in a twinkling and with his hand in his pocket—put down the prepared penwiper instead on the table, ran to the window under the pretence of letting in air, and threw mine away. He had thus hidden the stone where I should never have dreamt of looking for it—we did not indeed, even when we were sure that it was still in the rooms—and he could face any search with impunity. He put down the penwiper with the stone, moreover, in a place where he could easily have picked it up as he went out of the room. The search and our exceeding vigilance upset that plan, and he had to go away without it."

"But how did he get the pattern of the penwiper? Had he been in your rooms before?"

A £50,000 Stone

Jack and I laughed at this. It was rather a sore point with me.

"Well, to tell the truth, I think I was hoaxed over that. In the morning I had a lady visitor, who called to offer me an engagement on a projected paper, and my friend will have it that she was in league with Mookerjee, and came to see what was the likeliest article to select."

"Was she very handsome, dark, with exceedingly beautiful eyes and a particularly impressive manner?" asked the junior partner.

"Yes, all that and more," said I.

"Ah, well, you won't see her again. That is the description of the person who is mainly responsible for the whole theft." He laughed smoothly. Then he added, "It is all round a most singular experience.

With your permission I will tell the story to the prince when showing him the diamond; and may I say that you would tell it to him in person, should he desire it?"

"Certainly, and don't forget to make him understand that it is owing as much to my friend's sharpness as to the accident connected with my coat-pocket, that the stone has been recovered at all."

Mr. Dallas was right about my not seeing or hearing of Miss Lena Maurice again.

I never had that fiction editorship; but as the prince relished the story immensely—when we told it to him at a little private dinner—and as he took my view of Dilworth's part in the transaction, he doubled the reward, and my two thousand pounds consoled me substantially.

The Call of Life

I

LIGHT streams upon the Century's crested
Dawn!

O, my Beloved!

Come, let us stand upon the upland lawn,

O, my Beloved!

And hand in hand, await the golden Day,

And catch the new-born sunbeams as they
play

Along the landscape fair,

In the still frosty air.

For, lo! a sense of peace is everywhere!

II

What are the voices calling, from afar,

O, my Beloved!

Soft as a spirit whispereth to a star,

O, my Beloved!

Do you not hear the sound of dance and song,

Sweet invitations to the festive throng?

O, come away!

And let us weave our garlands while we may,

'Twill soon be close of Day.

III

Come, for the sun dies down the western deeps,

O, my Beloved!

And to my heart a lonely vision creeps,

O, my Beloved!

Hark! hear you not the Bugle-Call of Life

Below there in the city's crowded strife?

"Young! give us of your youth!

Strong! give us of your strength!

True! give us of your truth!

Else struggling upward, we must sink
at length."

Sweet, buckle me mine ancient armour on!

And bid me gone!

And all the days, Beloved, pray for me,

That I may worthy be,

Worthy to live; to die, for God and thee!

WILLIAM T. SAWARD

The Unpublished and Uncollected Poems of William Cowper

BY THOMAS WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER," ETC.

THE celebration of the centenary of Cowper's death, the gift, by Mr. W. H. Collingridge, of Cowper's house and a fine collection of manuscripts and relics to the town of Olney and the nation, and the founding of the Cowper Society have led many who previously had not thought much about Cowper to study carefully his works and to visit the beloved scenes so vividly described in them. Never, not even in the days of the snuff-box, the frank and the short-waist, was the cult of Cowper so wide-spread.

Cowper, discarding the artificiality of Pope, is understood to describe nature in a way that makes us see the trees, feel the rain-drops, and smell the earth. Still—and we are not displeased either—he is not altogether free from the entanglements of the elder poet. In Cowper there are also nymphs and spouses and youths with such manufactured names as "Misagathus." But was not Pope the devoted "servant" of the beautiful Judith Cowper (afterwards Mrs. Madan)? on whom he bestowed the poetical name of "Erinna," whose graces he sang, and before whose portrait he thought it no waste of time to sit whole days adoringly! And was not the lady of the lovely neck—Judith's chief glory—the aunt and beloved correspondent of the sweet singer of Olney? We take delight in such links, and we too worship "the Fair" as both Cowper and Pope so oddly call them.

Whilst engaged in collecting and preparing for the press the letters of Cowper, I have from time to time come upon a number of pieces of verse by him which are not included in the editions of his poems. Of these, some have never been published, some are passages which for various reasons, and not necessarily on account of their inferiority, were cancelled by Cowper, and some have appeared only in periodicals not now easily accessible.

We will speak of a few and take them in chronological order. The first, a poem "On Loyalty," written in Latin, and

appended to a letter to "Dear Toby," probably Mr. Clotworthy Rowley, is attributable to the year 1754 in the Temple period. At a time when the sovereign is almost worshipped such a poem can scarcely do other than please. Cowper introduces it with, "I have twisted the sense of the words to your present condition as much as possible; not taking Horace's meaning, which I suppose you would choose." No doubt the passage referred to is the well-known line in Epistle II. "To Lollius"—

"Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,"

(When kings make fools of themselves the people suffer,) which is certainly the opposite sentiment to that in Cowper's lines, which as translated by my friend, the Rev. J. Tarver, M.A., rector of Filgrave, Bucks, run as follows—

ON LOYALTY.

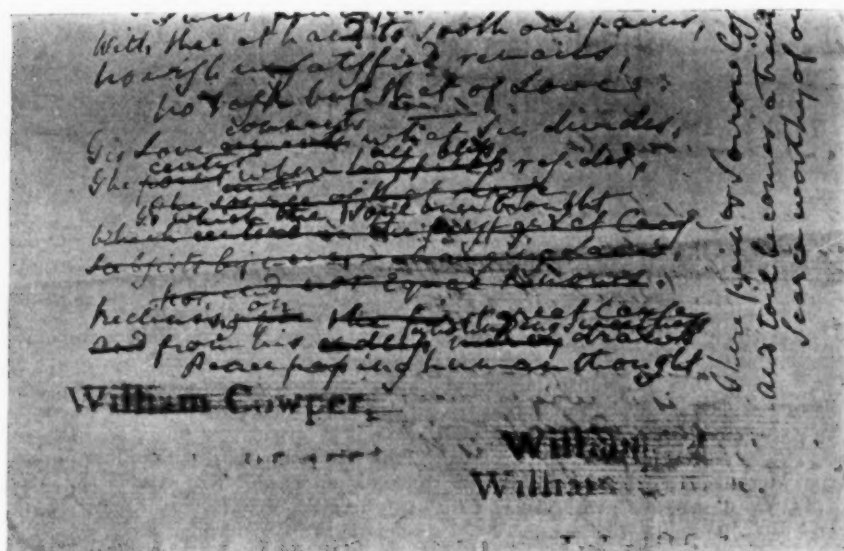
"Since kings sustain the burdens of the state,
No pleasant hours, no leisure for the great.
Since the uneasy head which wears a crown
The threatenings of impending wars weigh
down,

Why do the people rage with murmurs dark
Ready to fall on him who steers the bark?
'Tis his to watch, attent to every call
Lest any burden on his people fall.
'Tis Satan leads astray with devilish art,
For Satan ever takes the fouler part.
Nay, rather, be the people's love his due
Who to his people's love is always true,
Him let the nations love and guard and bless,
Whom, loving, guarding, blessing, all confess.
But thou, if such thou art, who dar'st with ill
To curse that sacred head—Oh, 'Peace be still.'
Truth to the king may meet with rare reward,
Think not his claim on thee is therefore barred,
Approve thyself praiseworthy—that is best;
Only deserving, loyal souls can rest."

Shortly after occurred the House of Lords incident, with accompaniments of derangement and the terrible stanzas, "Hatred and Vengeance."

Cowper was then removed by his friends

The Unpublished and Uncollected Poems of William Cowper



PART OF THE MS. OF COWPER'S TRANSLATION OF MADAME GUYON'S POEM, "THE TESTIMONY OF DIVINE ADOPTION," WITH COWPER'S NAME, PRINTED BY HIMSELF

to St. Albans, where he had the benefit of the treatment of Dr. Cotton. No greater contrast could be imagined than between the terrible sapphics just referred to and the sweet and serene, nay, the holy atmosphere of the "Song of Mercy and Judgment," written immediately after his recovery, a poem which has appeared only in Mrs. D'Arcy Collier's article in the *Universal Magazine*, June 1890. The original is now in the Cowper Museum at Olney, having been lent, with many other manuscripts, by A. P. Ash, Esq. It commences—

"Lord, I love the habitation
Where the Saviour's honour dwells,
At the sound of Thy salvation
With delight my bosom swells.
Grace divine, how sweet the sound,
Sweet the grace that I have found.

Me thro' waves of deep affliction,
Dearest Saviour! Thou hast brought,
Fiery deeps of sharp conviction
Hard to bear and passing thought.
Sweet the sound of grace divine,
Sweet the grace which makes me Thine."

Then follows an account of the terrible state into which he had fallen—

"Bound and watched, lest life abhorring,
I should my own death procure,
588

For to me the Pit of Roaring
Seemed more easy to endure.
Grace divine, how sweet the sound,
Sweet the grace that I have found."

At last came "the word of healing," and instantly all his "chains were broken." The poem terminates sweetly with—

"Since that hour, in hope of glory,
With Thy followers I am found,
And relate the wondrous story
To Thy listening saints around.
Sweet the sound of grace divine,
Sweet the grace which makes me Thine."

Two years at Huntingdon were followed by nearly thirty at Olney and Weston Underwood. Who is not acquainted with the leading incidents of the idyllic life spent here! amid lilled watercourses, shady spinnies, and prim gardens—with such friends as the faithful and watchful Mary Unwin, the vivacious and fascinating Lady Austen, and the earnest and witty John Newton—that delightful fountain of sound divinity and involuntary *bons mots*—the ecclesiastical Charles Lamb.

There was another side—a terribly dark one—still there were always vouchsafed to Cowper the sweet lenitives of a loving and admiring circle of friends, and beautiful rural surroundings to whose seductive charms none was more susceptible.

The Unpublished and Uncollected Poems of William Cowper

Neither the lines on "The Trial of Admiral Keppel," nor those on the "Riot at the House of Sir Hugh Palliser," both of which belong to the autumn of 1778, are generally known, but to them we can do no more than allude.

Cowper excelled in couplets of the kind that live in the memory and the heart, one of the best of which is that comforting reminder in the "Lines to an afflicted Protestant Lady"—

"The path of sorrow and that path alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

The poems of his first volume are crowded with pleasing couplets "expressing a simple truth with perfect grace and precision," and the following, in the little-known version of the "Bee and the Pine-apple," is also worth remembering—

"I learn that comfort dwells alone
In that which Heaven has made our own."

The manuscripts of the translations from Madame Guyon differ many of them from the poems as published. On one, that entitled "The Testimony of Divine Adoption," is a specimen of Cowper's printing done with a small press given him by Lady Austen. No doubt he did his best. A later William and poet—William Morris—also knew how to print.

Few readers of the poem on "The Doves" are aware of its *raison d'être*. Let us point out, therefore, that the original title was "Antithelyphthora" (there is a longer poem with the same title), having been suggested by the Rev. Martin Madan's work advocating Polygamy, and that the first two verses ran as follows—

"Muse, mark the much lamented day,
When like a tempest feared,
First issuing on the last of May
Thelyphthora appeared.

That fatal eve I wandered late
And heard the voice of love;
The turtle thus addressed her mate,
And soothed the listening dove."

Mr. Madan's book acted just then like a red rag to a bull, and Cowper could no more keep the subject out of his letters and verses than Mr. Dick King Charles out of the memorial.

Cowper cancelled twenty-four lines in Expostulation in order to avoid hurting the feelings of his Roman Catholic friends, the Throckmortons; and in the Ash Collection there are several other passages which seem to have been excised from the longer poems, notably one pointed against unworthy evangelicals, in which Cowper says—

"The day was when the sacerdotal race
Esteemed their proper habit no disgrace,
Or rather when the garb their order wears
Was not disgraced as now by being theirs."

For the following lines, written perhaps in 1784, which are to me as a native of

Antithelyphthora

*Muse, mark the much lamented Day,
When like a tempest feared,
First issuing on the last of May
Thelyphthora appeared.*

*That fatal Eve I wandered late
And heard the Voice of Love,
The Turtle thus addressed her Mate,
And sooth'd the listening Dove.*

*Our mutual Bond of Faith & Truth
No time shall disengage,
Those blessings of our early Youth
Shall cheer our latest Age.*

While Innocence without Disguise

FIRST THREE VERSES OF "ANTITHELYPHTHORA," OR, "THE DOVES"

The Unpublished and Uncollected Poems of William Cowper

Olney particularly interesting, I am indebted to Mrs. Arthur Hipwell, who has long had them in her possession—

TO A YOUNG LADY

WITH A PRESENT OF TWO "COXCOMBS."

"Two powdered coxcombs wait at your command,

And, what is strange, both dressed by nature's hand;

Like other fops they dread a sudden shower,

And seek a refuge in your closest bower;

Showy like them, like them they yield no fruit,

But then, to make amends, they both are mute."

The receiver of the coxcombs was Miss Ann Green (niece of Lady Austen), who married on May 26, 1791, Mr. George Grindon, one of a line of physicians of that name who have practised for two centuries in Olney. Miss Green's mother, the "Martha" of the long poetical epistle to Lady Austen, had for her second husband the Rev. Thomas Jones, curate of the neighbouring elevated village of Clifton Reynes, hence the—

"Martha, even against her will
Perched on the top of
yonder hill."

That the morsel about the "coxcombs" here given is the correct version is proved first by the alliteration, and secondly by the fact that the copy in the possession of the present Dr. Grindon corresponds with the one given to me by Mrs. Hipwell.

The way, to use Browning's expression, whence Cowper's imprisoned splendour could escape, was opened out by the production of "The Task," published in 1785. Recognition followed. But Cowper, unlike many another, remained unsapped by praise. He knew precisely the value of the incense, still, inasmuch as it acted as a stimulant to fresh exertion, it was—as he tells Unwin—really acceptable to him.

Of the poems of his later life, one of the finest is, to use poor Hayley's ridiculously

inappropriate phrase, that noble fragment "on a vegetable subject"—"Yardley Oak."

From this Cowper excised certain lines, but why, we do not know, for they are certainly extremely good, and of the kind that grave themselves in the mind.

Towards the end of the poem will be found—

"But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matters as I may."

Then followed, till Cowper struck his pen through it—

"Thou, like myself, hast
stage by stage attained
Life's wintry bourn; thou,
after many years,
I after few; but few or
many prove
A span in retrospect, for
I can touch
With my least finger's end
my own decease
And with extended thumb
my natal hour."

The last lines of the poem, which refer to Adam, originally ran thus—

"He was excused the penalties of dull
Minority; no primer with
his thumb

He soiled, no grammar with his tears, but rose
Accomplished in the only tongue on earth
Taught then, the tongue in which he spake
with God."

Why Cowper substituted for them the commonplace passage about the "thought-tracing quill" is one of those literary puzzles which completely baffle; but let us remember that the poem was left unfinished.

Cowper was at one time very anxious to possess a portrait of Hayley, and he told his friend that it should have the place of honour in the study at Weston. Even the Grecian favourites, even his own portrait, would have to make way for it—



MISS ANN GREEN

The Unpublished and Uncollected Poems of William Cowper

"Achilles and Hector and
Homer and all
When your face appears
shall come down from
the wall,
And mine, theme of many
an angry remark,
Shall then hide its pick-
pocket looks in the
dark."

To Lady Hesketh he
exclaims pathetically,
February 10, 1793—

"My pens are all split and
my inkglass is dry,
Neither wit, common-
sense, nor ideas have
I."

These morsels,
though devoid of liter-
ary merit, are interest-
ing as illustrating Cow-
per's habit of dropping
into rhyme at all times
and on any occasion.
His other letters fur-
nish many examples.

To the beautiful
poem, "To Mary," I
am able to add another
stanza. It follows that
commencing

"Partakers of the sad
decline,"

and runs—

"And then I feel that still
I hold
A richer store ten-thou-
sand fold
Than misers' fancy in
their gold,
My Mary."

The original, with this verse, which is not
crossed out, is in the Cowper Museum at
Olney.

Cowper's love for children is a charming
feature in his character. It is true he
sometimes got vexed with them, witness
his "infants clamorous whether pleased or
pained," and his strictures on the boys who
splashed his windows at hockey. But he
gave a certain Nanny Stow some pence to
go in the swing-boat at the Fair, and carried
out to the letter his part of their compact,
namely, that they were to wave hands to

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me
Partakers of the sad decline
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet gently prest press gently mine
My Mary!

And then I feel that still I hold
A richer store ten-thousand fold
Than misers' fancy in their gold
My Mary!

Such feebleuffs of limbs thou providest
That now, at every step, thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest
My Mary!
And still to love though prest with ill,
In wintry 'age to feel no chill
With me is to be lovely still
My Mary!

But ah by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe
My Mary!
And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblances of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last
My Mary!



PORTION OF THE POEM "TO MARY," SHOWING THE UNPUBLISHED STANZA
"AND THEN I FEEL," ETC.

each other, she in the air and he at his
parlour window; and he let the Throck-
morton children run him at break-neck
rate in a ramshackled invalid's chair up
and down the corridors of old Weston
Hall.

The number of lovers of Cowper grows
daily, and will continue to grow as long as
men revel in green fields and limpid streams,
as long as friendship is honoured, as a
mother's love is held in fond remembrance,
and the sweet and comfort-laden hymn is
felt to be a real aid to worship.

How I spend my Daily Life¹

FROM ESSAYS CONTRIBUTED TO THE 'LEISURE HOUR' EISTEDDFOD



I.—By a Schoolmaster

IT is my happiness and honour to be a Schoolmaster, a life which is ordered by mechanical routine and yet remains the most interesting in the world.

How I became Head Master of one of the most important schools in the profession at twenty-three years of age must suffice to be told in the word "coherence." Born in a village-town whose surroundings unfold the history of English life some centuries ago, nurtured in a Christian home where happiness was the only luxury, left fatherless at the age of twelve with domestic cares to chill the ardour of boyhood's mirth, I launched into life with a heritage of fortune within and a load of misfortune without. Life before that dark event was a pleasant picnic through a land of dreams, a voyage without a storm. Life at once became a ruin, a catastrophe, a wreck. But Hope, that angel spirit which smiles the world to scorn, said something of discipline in adversity, and since those struggles with doubt and grief and fear, I have regarded life as a series of opportunities which when "taken at the flood lead on to

fortune." These successive views of life, together with a few maxims learnt in childhood, will best suggest the way I spend my life. These pithy counsels I will offer as a generalisation of the minute particularities of life and conduct and disposition. "Be modest, respectful; revere; but you are as good as any one else if you do the right." "Trust every one with cheerfulness and—caution." "Perform every little act of life as if the most important thing in the world." "Luck is the nickname for opportunities well met." "The candle is no poorer for giving other candles a light." "Never be a sponge." "Loud drums are always empty; noisy brooks are always shallow." "Nothing is too much to give or lose for the sake of Christ."

Advanced mottoes. Yes; but of more value to a boy than the Bank of England, for conscience rings them up in memory to shame the thoughts which are the parents of wrong and evil deeds, yea, to stifle the feelings which beget the thoughts.

Every morn I rise at six and speak to God in deepest confidence. Opening my note-book for the day, I contemplate the duties ahead while engaged with toilet operations. Next, a few minutes are spent in reviewing the notes of the day's lessons, for it is my strong conviction that a logical, well-prepared and resourceful lesson is as truly the secret of the art of developing a child's reasoning faculties as flexibility of manner and address is the secret of skill in imparting knowledge. After this revisal, the half-hour before breakfast is devoted to a survey of two morning newspapers of opposing views, and the marking of articles or paragraphs of special interest and value, for insertion in a home-made album for the purpose.

During breakfast—as a good compromise with the physician's abhorrence of reading, I only think and ruminate and dream—this essay is outlined in thought; a public address has its ideas linked together; a sermon (for since fourteen years of age I have had the unspeakable honour of being a local preacher) is sketched or elaborated. Sometimes I fancy I have some one present to whom I can think aloud, but those

¹ The Essays here given have been selected for publication as typical of different conditions of life.—ED. L. H.

How I Spend my Daily Life

blissful days which are the immediate culmination of every young man's ambition, are not yet, but will be. More particularly do these latter thoughts find a welcome when the landlady utters her indignant surprise at such an insult as the unwitting strumming of the variations of "Home, sweet Home" or "Auld Lang Syne" in her fireless apartments "because breakfast is late."

After breakfast urgent correspondence receives attention, and the journey up to town by rail affords opportunity for review of books to discover how worthy they be of thorough reading. My reading is slow and critical, and is done at odd times. Every book read has copious marginal notes and notions, and afterwards a careful synopsis of the work, with index to notable passages and facts, is entered into a private journal for future reference.

The short interval which elapses before the formal opening of school is devoted to interviews with parents and teachers. Parental interest in the child's moral and intellectual well-being is the thing a teacher covets most. Some parents have no such interest, some teachers are too careless to arouse any. To know the home life, the history, the mental, moral and physical peculiarities of each child entrusted to a teacher's charge is to awaken a sympathy with child-life. It is to acquire a knowledge of the workings of the human soul that will ensure the adoption of the best means to the best development of the best that is in the child to make of him a man and citizen who shall achieve that highest of all true greatness—the service of mankind. It has often been my pleasure and privilege to take a class of boys to Westminster Abbey for an hour in order to prove to them conclusively the truth that service is true greatness.

The great principle underlying my school management is this—the mind of a child is not a barn in which to store knowledge, but a field in which to grow thoughts. Knowledge is the seed sown to bring into being after due culture the highest life of the civilised world.

The tragedy of life failure in most cases is the wrong choice of a vocation, and so I spend much time and energy in observing as clearly as possible the distinctive traits of older scholars, in recognising the marks of individuality and the stamp of genius in any particular direction which shall serve to mark out unmistakably that child's work in life. By confiding these observations to the parent for correlation with his own ideas I am happy to think my work is a little service to the welfare of the race.

The weather dictates at noon a stroll in the Park or a visit to the Library. Evenings—well, to particularise is difficult. You may find me on the platform or in the audience, smoking a pipe of peace with a friend, pursuing my hobby at the carpenter's bench, mutilating music, perpetrating poetry, sulking in my fireside corner, learning Latin, parsing Greek, complaining of the weather, buying pictures, making sermons, writing articles, etc. Or you may not find me, as I occasionally consult a certain comforting and healing physician who best knows the weakness of my heart.

Saturday is the occasion for a visit to London's treasures of art and knowledge, or to Surrey's charming lanes and woods and hills. The Sabbath is the day of rest and work, poetry, friendship, worship. The life of Christ is always the theme of my address, a story which is old but ever new, the absorbing study of my life, but the far-off ideal which makes me blush at every glimpse of myself.

Holidays are the redemption of London life and London rush. They are an excellent opportunity for cycling tours—the physical exercise and the ever-changing scenery, together with the feeling of freedom and independence, more than compensate for the annoyances incident upon such means of travel. The district I love most is the Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and oftentimes have I climbed those mountain-passes with knapsack, two bikes, and a map.

I am always happy, not because I pursue happiness, but because I smile upon the world, ignore the praise or blame of those I disrespect, and find my conscience best in harmony with myself and the universe when I most faithfully meet and conquer the difficulties of life.

II.—By a Lawyer's Clerk

MY daily calling takes me to the city's busiest haunts, through a dark secluded court and into straggling chambers, in the entrance-hall of which a fluted skylight permits the sun to shed its beams into furthest corners, and, strangely enough, within the privacy of inner rooms light also is thrown, but upon points of law, and by legal luminaries. How many anxious feet have trod those stairs, and what wondrous tales, could they but speak, its old walls could tell!

Here by far the largest portion of my daily life is spent, surrounded by capacious cupboards packed to excess and shelves filled to over-

T T

How I Spend my Daily Life



flowing with papers, old and covered with dust.

My daily round, to which I have contrived to impart an interest, comprises fair and close copying in the rough and engrossing on paper and parchment; there are plans to be endorsed, documents to be collated, abstracts of title requiring examination, interest to be calculated, searches to be made, costs to be rendered, money to be received and receipts given.

"Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close."

And when the day's work is done, let me take you away to a dark and dingy neighbourhood. It is a cheerless night, and the uneven streets, lined with dilapidated tenements, are lit by flickering gaslights whose feeble rays, dimly reflected in turbid pools, seemingly serve to increase the gloom. Here live the vagrant and the deserving poor, the dissolute, and the unfortunate. See the drinking-dens with doors left temptingly ajar to entice the men away from home, for

"Long the giant foe hath taken
Cherished loved ones for his own"—

and near at hand idly lounging against the wall may be seen young lads, youthful imitators of those more advanced in crime.

Truly sin appears to abound, but it is not supreme; for yonder is the House of God, boast-

ing no architectural beauty, but a simple structure and unadorned, with its primitive entrance, lit by an overhanging lamp, and with its pale-hued windows, from which just now a radiance streams into the darkness, a fit emblem of the Gospel Light shining o'er a sea of sin, warning of danger and guiding human shipwrecks into restful haven.

With willing and devoted workers, who endeavour to lead the "erring ones" to a higher life, I have spent many a Sabbath hour within this little sanctuary, whose hallowed walls are now resounding with the praises of those who, living in such fearful surroundings, strive to serve their Master.

III.—By a Clerk in a Colour Factory

I AM only a clerk in very humble circumstances. From six o'clock in the morning until six at night I work incessantly at the Company's books, and my wages are fivepence per hour. That is something less than enough, I conceive, for a man of twenty-five (unmarried though he be), so after the last steam-whistle has blown, I go home and write short stories for the editor of a local paper, who pays me seven-and-six a chapter. And yet I am not happy. The man immediately above me at the office takes care of that. No inconsiderable portion of my daily life, indeed, is spent in doing the work of Mr. X,



as I will call him. He commences business three hours later than I, and his advent ushers in my first trouble. For at nine o'clock I am generally in the warehouse, weighing casks of logwood extract or aniline dyes, preparatory to

How I Spend my Daily Life

their removal in casks or wagons to the goods-station. This is important work, but Mr. X rings the office-bell furiously, and I must go to him, leaving five men and several horses standing idle until I get back. Not being blessed with wings, I can seldom traverse the intervening space quickly enough to suit that imperious cashier, so his greeting generally takes a form of this kind—

"The times out o' number that I've told you to come into this office the moment I ring that bell! Why can't you do as you're told? If you won't, just say so, and I'll find somebody else who will."

Yes. There is the rub, courteous reader. Galling as my present situation is, I do not know where, in Christian England, to turn for a better.

I am released at last, and I return to the warehouse, knowing full well that the ten minutes thus wasted, and every subsequent ten minutes wasted, will entail my working a corresponding length of time after six.

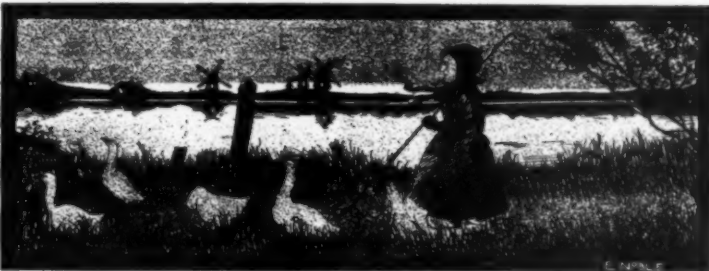
After weighing several casks of dye, and entering full particulars of them in a book, I have what is called a "Consignment Note" to make out. On this note must be inscribed the number, mark, and weight of the barrels, as well as the full address of the people who have bought them. Seven or eight of such notes are required for each load, so the speed at which they have to be written is very considerable indeed. And to make matters still more uncomfortable for me, the carrier swears at large if I keep him waiting.

One cart follows another in quick succession all the day through, and the interstices of time I fill up by plodding away at the books and accounts in my own office. Once a week or so, my superior gives me his Sales Book to add up, whilst he goes into the mill to gossip with the men. Particular attention must be concentrated upon that book, because it is one of those which the auditors check later on. My instructions are to set down the amounts faintly with a lead-pencil, and Mr. X's sole contribution to the work consists of re-writing those figures afterwards with pen and ink. It would never do to let the auditors find out that I am the person who has charge of so important a volume as the Sales Book. They might begin to wonder what Mr. X did for his £4 a week, and the latter is astute enough to know it. So he commands me to erase with a piece of indiarubber every trace of my own figures. At such times I know what it is to feel cynical, for a remark made by Mr. X to a mutual friend is ever-present in my memory.

"Smith will never make a good clerk," said he, with a sneer. "He does all his work twice over. You don't catch me doing my work twice over."

Now the only foundation he has for that cruel remark is this. Knowing how angry he would be if an auditor detected the slightest mistake in that particular book, I make a practice of running each column of figures up a second time, just to make sure of being correct. A kind man would commend me for it.

(To be continued.)



Canadian Life¹

LIFE in Canada is a rather large subject to treat of in a short paper. The writer will confine himself to the part of the Dominion with which he is acquainted, the Riding Mountain Plateau in Manitoba.

It is a breezy upland, the prairie rolling away in all directions, except the north, where a blue line on the horizon indicates the wooded tops of the Riding mountains. Here and there are lakes, and woods of the lovely white poplar spring up wherever the prairie is a little more moist than usual.

Most of the people are native-born Canadians, but there are a good many British and a sprinkling of many strange peoples, Indians, Galicians, Scandinavians, and others. The Canadians are a magnificent people; strong in mind and body. None but an indomitable race would, in twenty-five years, have turned the desert into a garden after overcoming difficulties without end.

It is true that the climate is splendid, the air, rarefied at the altitude of 1800 feet, and dry after crossing half a continent, is a natural tonic. People coming to Manitoba from the dull weather of England have an insatiable appetite for about a year, the oxidation of the food going on so rapidly that one feels hungry ten minutes after a meal.

The homes of the settlers are built either of logs or dressed lumber; wherever there is a small wood or "bluff" on the farm, the house is placed inside, or if not large enough, to the south or east. This is on account of the singular difference of climate, in even the smallest bluff, from the prairie outside. A belt of trees a few rods wide stops the fierce north-west wind completely. The houses are either one storey or a storey and a half high. The storey-and-a-half house is very picturesque and convenient inside. All the houses are small, to economise fuel in heating.

The characteristic of the country is loneliness. There are no two families living together anywhere except at intervals of ten or twenty miles along the railroad, where there is a small town of a few hundred people. The importance of these little places is out of all proportion to their

population. At Shoal Lake, for instance, there are stores which would be thought large for an English town of fifty thousand people. A Western town has rather a scenic appearance. The wooden houses are all painted in colour. The sidewalks are of plank. Close fences, built to keep the snow out of courtyards, are showily painted with advertisements of "Sirdar's coffee," "Elephant tea," and so forth.

Sleighs, each loaded with fifty bushels of wheat, or seventy of oats, creak over the snow to the great "elevators," which are the Western substitutes for cathedrals or civic halls.

Nearly everybody outside the towns is engaged in raising wheat or oats, and cattle ranching. The crops are generally good, though the last two or three years they have been poor, owing to the scanty rainfall coming at the wrong time. The ranches are all small, thirty or forty head, as the cattle have to be fed in the winter. In 1899-1900 the prairie was covered with snow for three months, twenty-five days, in 1898-99 for five months, two days. The farmers are prospering slowly but surely, and none want to go to Klondike.

The fields are sown with wheat or oats two or three years in succession. The third or fourth year the land is ploughed and harrowed, but not sown. This is called "summer fallowing," and is to enable the soil to recover the moisture taken from it by the crops. The climate is too dry to enable a crop to be raised every year. The yield is always good after summer fallowing.

Most of the farmers own a tract half a mile square. Some farms are larger. The farms are surrounded with two barb wires strung on posts; the fences are invisible from a little distance, so that the beauty of the prairie is nowhere very seriously marred by man.

There is a fascination about the scenery which cannot be described; the clean-cut outlines of the hills roll away to the horizon, with "bluffs" of the white poplar half hidden between the folds, every leaf aquiver. Lilies and orchids dot the edges of the bluffs; other brilliant flowers spring up everywhere. The sun shines brightly out of a blue sky nearly every day, summer

¹ Prize Essay: *Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod.

and winter. At sunset the tints deepen, moon and stars begin to shine, giving a greater charm to the deep violet lakes and yellow prairie. The outlines are all sharp, all the colours definite. Aromatic plants scent the air, but only new-comers are conscious of them.

On some days in the "Indian summer," the mere joy of life is thrilling, one feels a fear that men should not enjoy so much!

Most of our people are home-lovers. I cannot say hearth and home, as there are no hearths. All the warming and cooking is done with stoves placed conveniently on the floor like any other furniture; a long stove-pipe leads to the chimney. There is a small door in front of the stove, which the Englishman keeps open in order to see the fire; the Canadian keeps his shut and pokes much fun at his neighbour's little weakness!

The household arrangements are quite different from those of England. Most of the houses are rather bare; an Englishman misses the well-filled bookshelves of his native home. Many of the homes have been built and fitted by the owners alone.

We have three meals a day. The evening meal is served at seven, or should be. Many dishes are peculiar; meat is always fried, potatoes are chipped, a kind of small, short loaves ("biscuits") are a great institution.

All the proportions of things are different from those of a long-settled land; people of education and refinement are often quite poor, while semi-savages make comical efforts to display their wealth. Still, most of the settlers have travelled much and had the widest experience; prairie life tends towards individuality; men and women are thoughtful usually, and conversation is really brilliant. Western farmers are not less hospitable than Arab sheiks or Indian rajahs. A stranger is always sure of a welcome for horse and man. None will ever accept payment, except, very seldom, close to a town.

Temperature runs from 70° below zero to 110° above, and dress has to be varied accordingly. In summer men wear overalls and jackets of grey-blue denim, with broad hats of straw or felt. In winter the denims are worn with warm woollens inside, gay coloured oversocks are drawn over the

overalls and gartered below the knee. Moccasins are worn on the feet with rubber overshoes when among the stock. It is impossible to wear European boots in winter, the feet would freeze solid inside them. Nobody goes out of doors without two pairs of mitts, one of soft leather with woollens inside.

Fur caps are the rule, with voluminous fur coats and red sashes when travelling. A Canadian crowd in winter is a pretty sight. The sashes and oversocks glitter in the sunlight like flowers against the snow, the furs are of every kind, colour, and texture. The whole world is ransacked to provide them. For instance, large quantities of wombat skins are brought from Australia. It is a frequent subject of wonder where all the wombats can find room in Australia, and when the supply will give out.

In the winter, though farming operations are prevented by three feet of frost in the ground, and two feet of snow above it, there is plenty to do. Stock must be tended, wood cut in the mountains and drawn home, and grain drawn to town on sleighs to be milled, chopped (*i. e.* exchanged), or exported as the case may be.

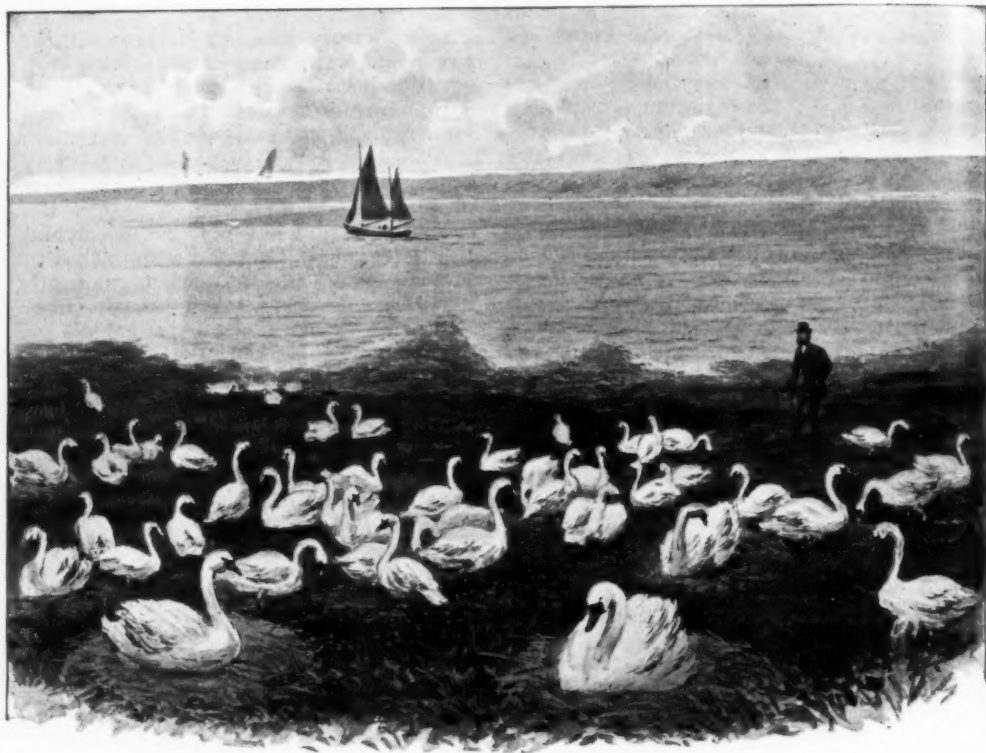
The cold never causes any discomfort inside a bluff. If the homestead is on the upland prairie it is a little hard during blizzards. A greater trouble is the drifting snow, which may cover up everything, block doors, obliterate trails, and be a nuisance generally. The drifts pack hard enough for oxen to walk over them, and form hill-ranges, down which children slide on hand-sleighs.

One day in April the sun rises accompanied with a gentle nor'-west wind, now changed to warm. In a few hours black patches begin to appear on the glittering prairie. A sweet aroma fills the air. Grave men and sedate-looking oxen go out to the first patch of bare earth, and run and jump about together in delight at the unaccustomed sight. "Now the four-way lodge is open," men and beasts, which for months have moved in beaten trails, can go wherever they desire.

One week later farming operations, ploughing and sowing, are in full swing.

JOSEPH R. TUCKER.

The Swans at Abbotsbury



CENTURIES ago, when the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter, at Abbotsbury, flourished, and the tithes of the abbey lands filled the great barn that stands to this day, the king granted the abbot "a game of swans." This conferred on him the right to keep these royal birds in a river or creek, and to seize, within the district assigned to him, all "white swans" ¹ that had not on the upper part of the bill a mark registered by the royal swan-herd. But no swan-mark was granted: the rights of the Crown passed to the owner of the "game," who was free to mark his birds in any fashion that seemed good to him.

At the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII, the abbey lands

passed to the Strangeways family, now represented by the Earl of Ilchester, and with them also passed the abbot's right to the "game of swans," or, as it is generally called, the Swannery.

Abbotsbury is a Dorsetshire village, nearly equidistant from Dorchester, Weymouth, and Bridport. As the visitor enters the place from the railway station, or approaches it by road, four noteworthy objects arrest his attention—the church, the abbey barn, St. Catherine's Chapel, and the Chesil Beach, separating the arm of the sea, known as the Fleet, which forms the feeding ground of the swans, from the West Bay.

Chapel Hill, to the west of the village, is the best point from which to obtain a general view of the ground, and the prospect on a bright May morning is one that will live in the memory. The hue of sea and sky is almost Mediterranean in intensity, and the cold hard outline of the

¹ A "white swan" is a bird in full adult plumage. The birds of the first year are "cygnets"; in the second year they are "grey birds"; and it is not till the third year that they assume their white dress.

The Swans at Abbotsbury

great ridge of pebbles is a welcome foil. The Fleet gleams in the sun like a sheet of molten silver; and as one looks eastward it can be traced almost without a break, from its mouth by the narrow isthmus that joins Portland to the mainland, to the spot where it receives a little stream at its western extremity. Here the Chesil Beach joins the land, trending away westward to Bridport. On the Fleet some fifty or sixty swans sail majestically, and above the Chesil Beach the terns wheel in graceful flight. The shore to the left is studded with sitting swans, and it may be doubted if so many of these noble birds nest in such a small area, even in their breeding places in northern and eastern Europe.

From this point one can see how well adapted the place naturally is for a breeding ground. The low marshy shore of the Fleet, on the land side, is bordered by thick beds of osiers and reeds, affording both shelter and material for the nests. According to tradition there were at one time eight thousand swans upon the Fleet—certainly there were very many more than there are now (over a thousand), and the breeding ground probably extended much farther down.

The entrance to the Swannery is at the other end of the village. Near the door in the high fence that separates it from the meadow-land is a pole that marks the height (24 feet) to which the water rose in the "outrage," or flood, of November 1824. Then the gales drove the sea up from the West Bay till the waves rolled over the Chesil Beach, filling the valley and killing a great number of the birds. Much damage was also done by the destruction of their food, the eel-grass, which was killed in the severe winter.

About the middle of March the business of nest-making begins, and in this birds are assisted by the provision of material. The keeper likes to surprise visitors by telling them that he and his son "do part of the work." Their part consists in throwing down the stuff, mostly straw and dry spear-reed, of which the bulk of the nest is made. This is arranged in small heaps, so that the breeding ground at this time looks like a hay-field in which the crop has been piled in small cocks. These birds pair for life. When they have fixed upon one of the heaps as a nesting place the male begins operations by treading this foundation down flat. After this has been satisfactorily accomplished both gather soft dry material

for the middle, and the hen begins to lay. The eggs are dull greenish-white in hue, and about four inches long. Six is the average number, though there are sometimes five, and occasionally seven. In 1898, and again in 1899 there were four hundred nests; and this year the number has been about the same.

The male swan is an excellent mate. Not only does he assist in building the nest; he also takes part in the duty of incubation, which extends over some six weeks. Of this time they reckon at Abbotsbury that he sits for about a fortnight in all. He relieves the female when she goes down to the Fleet to feed, and remains by her side as a guard when he has satisfied his own wants. All this he does in very dignified manner, as becomes such a stately bird.

Male swans which have been unable to procure a mate have been known to build nests for themselves. On an island in a piece of ornamental water, not far from London, two built for several years in succession. I was rather sceptical about the story, but the keeper in charge, in answer to my inquiries, wrote thus: "The two male swans on the lake have built a nest for three years. They both helped to build it, and it is just the same as a pair would build." The next week I went down to see the birds, and he showed me their nest. The only peculiarity about it was the absence of softer material in the middle, where, under ordinary circumstances, the eggs would have been deposited.

The swan-keeper and his assistants have an anxious time while the birds are sitting, for though carrion crows do not give much trouble the rooks have taken to bad habits. They break the swans' eggs and swallow and carry away the contents, which they regurgitate when they get back to their nests, in order to feed their young.

About the beginning of May the young birds begin to hatch out, and then the broods come out pretty fast. There is now no trouble to be dreaded from the rooks, which do not molest the cygnets, though they harry the nests of wild duck, partridges, and pheasants. This is probably due to the superior size and courage of the old swans, and to the care they exercise over their young, for they are as good parents as they are mates. There are, however, instances on record where the carrion crow has attempted to carry off a cygnet, and has been seized by the old bird and held under water till it was drowned.

The Swans at Abbotsbury

The rats at Abbotsbury do a great deal of damage to the young birds. They bite through the skull and suck out the brains. In one year no less than twenty-five per cent. of the young birds fell victims to their rapacity. In actual numbers the rats killed fifty out of a total hatch of two hundred.

The swan-mark is usually on the upper part of the bill, but at Abbotsbury it is on the foot. It is made when the birds are very young. The operation is exceedingly simple, quite painless, and performed in a minute. The bird is taken up by the keeper, who, with his knife, makes a slit between the two outer toes (the third and fourth) of each foot. As the web grows the mark grows till it assumes somewhat the shape (—) of a half circle.

Soon after the birds are hatched they are put into what are called "the pens." These are divisions in a small piece of water, formed by the simple expedient of fastening pieces of strong wire netting to posts about three feet high on each side of the bank. At first two old birds are put in with the young, but after a little while the male bird is removed, and the care of the cygnets devolves on the female alone. About forty of them are put into one pen. At night, when they come out on the bank to sleep, the hen bird will cover the whole of them, spreading her wings for that purpose. Of course it is necessary to feed the cygnets, and grass is cut up and strewn upon the water.

One may see the male bird in the pens taking charge of the young and carrying them about on his back. There seems to be a general impression that only the females carry the young in this way. Yarrell says that he has seen the female raise her leg and assist the cygnets in getting upon her back. Jesse says that where the stream is strong the old swan will sink herself sufficiently low to bring her back on a level with the water, when the cygnets will get upon it, and in that manner are conveyed to the other side of the river, or to stiller water.

But certainly at Abbotsbury, and probably elsewhere, the male bird carries the young as often as, if not oftener than, the female does. During my last visit I saw one little cygnet perched on the back of a fine old swan, which had its wings raised as if to protect its precious freight. The cygnet was but a few days old, yet the air of quiet confidence with which it looked out

from its shelter was quite amusing. The young bird scrambled up over the old one's tail-coverts, using its wings to aid its ascent, thus bringing all four limbs into play. I had seen a little dabchick use its wings to help itself along, and knew that young moorhens have the same habit; but it was something quite new to see a cygnet use its wings for this purpose.

After a short stay in the pens the bulk of the cygnets are turned into the Fleet to join the main body and make up for losses. The old birds carry them about on the open water, and sometimes even take them out to sea. One swan thus laden was discovered seven miles from land, and was promptly pursued and brought back. Some of the cygnets are sent by Lord Ilchester as presents to personal friends, and a few are sold to private persons for ornamental waters. The remainder never taste the sweets of freedom, but are kept in the pens and fattened on barley-meal for the table.

Of the birds of the year that are turned into the Fleet some escape, and of these probably a few are shot, as no doubt are some of the old birds, when they wander away from the Swannery. A few may join the colony in the backwater at Weymouth. These, however, are sure to be recognised by their mark and sent back at the next annual count. This colony was founded some years ago, when Lord Ilchester presented nearly a hundred swans to the Corporation, who placed them on the water that runs up from the harbour behind the town, and is fed by the river Wey at Radipole. The birds have increased in number, and some breed upon the hassocks or small islands overgrown with coarse grass and rushes. But it is said that they do not thrive so well as the swans at Abbotsbury, probably from an insufficient supply of their natural food, which is supplemented by maize.

The beat of the keeper at Abbotsbury, who is in charge of the Swannery, extends for some distance below the nesting grounds and beyond the village. Other keepers watch the birds from the point where his beat ends to the other extremity of the Fleet. The nesting grounds, the nests, and the cygnets are, of course, the great attraction to those specially interested in birds. But perhaps the most striking spectacle—and it appeals to every one—is the long procession of swans as they sail slowly down the Fleet to the feeding grounds, or return therefrom in equally stately fashion.

HENRY SCHERREN.

Tramps in Tasmania

OUT in Australia, Tramps abound, and are, I suppose, a widely different class from the beggar at home. With us, and I am speaking more particularly of Tasmania, he usually belongs to the class that wander about asking for work, yet praying that none may be found. In my country house, during the summer months, we are not at all surprised if six or seven come during one day. Or perhaps as many in one band. "Tramping through to the mines" is their story, but as ours is an out-of-the-way, secluded district, through which no particular road runs, we feel sceptical.

I believe in no other place are tramps so arrogant and impudent. Food is never refused them, and this not so much from charity on the part of the giver, but for fear of the safety of stacks. They know their power fully, and use it. I remember that one man, on being refused a night's shelter, with a leer asked for a box of matches.

Another, displeased with the choice of viands proffered him, remarked that it would do some people good if their stacks were burnt down. White tents and brush houses are scattered about what we style "the bush," and their inmates, sometimes a large family, scour the country for food. I have no doubt many are poor and absolute poverty has driven them to "the track." But many are not so. Some are habitual tramps. One I know of, under thirty still, has appeared at our door at intervals for at least six years, asking for food and eucalyptus, the former to stay his appetite, the latter for an ulcer behind his ear.

Tramps form quite an interesting study. Each has his particular characteristics and weakness. One very old and dirty veteran never leaves without asking for soap; he may collect it, but I am certain he never applies it to either clothes or skin. One always asks for vinegar, another mustard, a third for onions. One far gone in consumption, and quite petted by all our household, still retained some germ of fine feeling, and invariably turned up each spring bearing a bunch of golden wattle blossom. "The first of the season, Miss." Blossoms that must have been carried for miles, as none near was yet in bloom. Many are dainty and ask for added relish for their bread and meat. One refused the meat proffered,

saying "it was fresh" and he liked it corned. Some are worse still, and take advantage of the fact that the "Boss" is out, and bully and bluster the "feminines." But these are few, and most are won by a kindly smile and what they term "a good feed." It is easy to look down on these troublesome and dirty visitors, and hard to remember that they even are precious in a Creator's sight. But God has no outcasts. For years one of my sisters has devoted considerable thought to the tramps. She keeps on hand a stock of Testaments and literature likely to be helpful. And to all that can read she offers these, with a *smile* and with *food*. Most can read, and but once has she been met with a refusal. Indeed some have returned and begged more. And years after have the Bibles, now soiled, but evidently read, been produced to remind her that an old friend had returned to call upon her. Many amusing stories of them could be told. One man asked for a hymn-book, and being proffered a "Sankey and Moody," drew back in horror, saying, "He was no Roman Catholic" but a "Prasbetarian."

One went to my father, who was working in the garden, and asked him confidentially "what kind of an old fellow the boss was!" Needless to say, the character given to the boss was anything but complimentary. But most stories attached to them are sad. One man came to us frequently, so dirty, ragged, and lowered that nothing of God's image shone through, and but little even of the man. Among ourselves he was known as the "missing link." One Sunday morning while strolling in the bush loud sounds of a cracked old voice were heard, accompanied by the beating on an old tin. The sounds proceeded from the remains of a shed which barely kept together. A curious eye pressed to one of the numerous chinks revealed our missing link, singing "Glory to Thee, my God," accompanying himself with a stick on an empty oil tin. Don't you think the angels enjoyed that song? Some time later the poor old fellow fell into his open fire, and was burned so badly that he did not linger long. And no doubt there is nothing missing about, or to, him now. I feel the feebleness of my attempt to try and describe "our tramps," but I hope nevertheless that it may interest some.



Over-Sea Notes



From Our Own Correspondents

Memorial Service in Melbourne

THE mourning for Queen Victoria throughout Australia has been universal and sincere. Not one in a thousand in this distant country had ever seen the Queen, and yet all felt that they had been personally bereaved.

On the Sunday succeeding the Queen's death memorial services were held throughout the Commonwealth in every church, in public halls, and in thousands of private homes, on the far plains, and in the distant forest remote from any place of worship.

Perhaps the most remarkable "In Memoriam" service was one held in the Exhibition Building, Melbourne. The Imperial and Indian troops visiting Australia had just arrived in Hobson's Bay, homeward bound after the great Inauguration ceremonies in Sydney, and it had been intended to give them a magnificent city welcome. Mafeking Day would have been repeated. But it was not to be. The Queen was dead, and the triumphal march became instead a march of mourning.

Shortly after midday the troops were entrained from the pier to the city, and the procession passed slowly through the vast multitudes that lined the streets. It was the Sabbath day, but there was not one case recorded of any failure to remember the sanctity of the day or the great solemnity of the occasion.

Preceded by the band of the Highland Light Infantry the Imperial troops in full-dress uniform marched with the precision of a machine and in absolute silence. The crowds looking for the first time on these representatives of Britain's army would under happier circumstances have cheered themselves hoarse. But their silence was an act of devotion in itself. The men of the Victorian Forces lined every foot of the way, and when the British troops had passed they swung into line and marched after them to the Exhibition Hall.

On a raised platform beneath the Dome

sat the Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria, the President of the Legislative Council, a visiting representative from New Zealand in the person of the Right Hon. Richard Seddon, and the members of the Ministry. The galleries were filled with the leading men of the State.

The ground-floor of the great Hall, immediately in front of the platform, was reserved for the Imperial troops, Colonel Wyndham himself supervising them as they reverently filed in. The Indian officers, one hundred in number, who had expressed an earnest wish to be fully represented, came next; the Colonial troops were massed in order to right and left, while the organ gallery was filled with a thousand cadets in uniform—the youngest "soldiers of the Queen."

The great building, which will hold ten or twelve thousand people with ease, was draped throughout with black, royal purple, and the intertwined Union Jack.

The service was beautiful in its simplicity. On the platform sat the chaplains of the visiting troops, who conducted it—Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic—and the scene reminded the onlooker irresistibly of that great united service at Khartoum in memory of Gordon. The only hymns used were, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "Peace, perfect peace," and the singing of that great multitude led by the band would possibly never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was reverent, it was subdued; but it was soul-stirring. The proceedings closed with a short but appropriate address by the Bishop of Melbourne, and then the Dead March, played by the Highlanders as few Australians have ever heard it rendered.

A. J. W.

Australian Nicknames

ALTHOUGH the Australian colonies have now been linked together in a commonwealth, it is not probable that the nicknames bestowed by one province on another will be abandoned. The inhabitants of New South Wales have long been known as "cornstalks"—an allusion to the

length and slimness of the average young New South Wales native. Victorians are known as "gum-suckers"—with reference to the gum that is found on many native trees, some of which is relished by juveniles. "Crow-eaters," as applied to the South Australians, owes its origin to a statement—erroneous of course—that in times of drought the wheat farmers of South Australia are driven to the source suggested for food. "Wheatfielders" is a more euphonious name sometimes used for the same province. The Queenslanders are known as "banana-landers"—that tropical fruit growing there abundantly. Western Australians—or, as they are now generally called, Westralians—are known in the east as "sand-groppers," or "groppers." The Westralians themselves group all the other states into "t'other side," and call the residents "t'other-siders." Tasmania, the green little isle that is much like England in climate and other characteristics, is generally regarded as very quiet and rather behind the times, and is referred to as "the land of lots of time," "the land of sleep a lot," and so on, while the inhabitants are called "Tassies" and "jam-eaters," the latter being an allusion to the great fruit production of the "tight little island." Tasmania lately added point to these satires by issuing a huge postage stamp series, "which," says one humorist, "take one man to hold and another to lick."—F. S. S.

The Australian Butter Industry

TRAVELLING through Victoria, Australia, today, one is rarely out of sight of a butter-factory or creamery, to one of which nine-tenths of the farmers cart their milk. They are almost all co-operative companies, practically the whole of the shares being held by farmers. There are over two hundred factories in the State of Victoria, in addition to more than double that number of creameries, and the fact that nearly the whole output of these factories goes to England has had its effect in fostering the kindly feeling that exists between Australia and the mother-country. The export of butter to England commenced in 1889, when the first factory was erected, and since then it has increased steadily, until last season Victoria exported 17,107 tons of butter, valued at £1,604,600. The season just closing has not been so good, but still about £1,500,000 worth of butter will be exported. Since the inauguration of the industry butter to the value of £7,706,938 has been sent out of the State, chiefly to England. The factory system owes everything of course to the invention of

the cream separator, which alone has made the handling of milk in large quantities possible. As an example of butter-making on a large scale there is the Glenormiston Factory, thirty miles inland from Warrnambool, which claims to treat more milk under the one roof than any other factory in the world. In the height of the season this factory has received 16,391 gallons of milk daily, which is separated by eighteen big separators, and afterwards made into butter in five huge churns. In five years this one factory has sold £194,000 worth of butter. No wonder the dairying districts of the State have been described as a land "flowing with milk and money."—F. S. S.

Academical Honour for an American Lady in Berlin

To an American has fallen the distinguished honour of being the first foreign lady who has received the Doctor's degree at the great University of Berlin. Miss Caroline T. Stewart, the recipient of this honour, is from Memphis in the State of Tennessee. She had a distinguished academical career in the Lawrence University of Kansas, afterwards studying at the Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, and at Washington College, Maryland. She came to Berlin to devote herself to a study of German philosophy. Her thesis for her degree was a grammatical examination of the Pauline glosses to the Gospel of St. Luke.—M. A. M.

Travelling Round the World

GERMAN commercial circles are keenly watching every effort which is being made "to make the world smaller," to draw closer together German industrial centres and the markets of the world. In an especial degree their attention is being directed to the changes which the completion of the great Siberian railway will effect. The fearless circumnavigator Magalhaens, who was the first to sail round the world, took three years to accomplish his famous voyage, and Francis Drake, who followed fifty years later, sailed round the world in two years and ten months. This year, as soon as the snow has sufficiently melted off the Siberian line, it will be possible to travel round the world in fifty days. It was not very long ago that Jules Verne was laughed at for making his hero accomplish this journey in eighty days.

The following table of time and distance will show at a glance how the journey may now be done in the shorter of these two periods.

Over-Sea Notes

<i>From</i>	<i>Kilometres.</i>	<i>Days.</i>
London to Chelyabinsk	5,853	7½
Chelyabinsk to Vladivostock	7,204	18
Vladivostock to Avomori	770	1½
Avomori to Yokohama	716	1
Delay in Japan		1
Yokohama to Victoria in Vancouver	7,778	10½
Vancouver to Brookville (Ontario)	4,508	4
Brookville to New York	579	
New York to Liverpool	5,608	6½
Liverpool to London	311	
Total	33,327	50

There is an electrical engineer in Berlin, Professor Rathenau, a man of tremendous enterprise, who rejoices in the favour of the Kaiser. According to Herr Rathenau the time is rapidly approaching, is in fact nearer than most of us think, when the land section of the journey round the world (20,000 kilometres) will be accomplished at the rate of ninety kilometres an hour. This will be nine days and nights. The sea portion (14,000 kilometres) will be travelled at the rate of seventy-five kilometres in the hour, or thirteen days. Altogether the journey which can this year be made for the first time in fifty days will be before very many years an affair of only twenty-two days, or, reckoning an additional two days for unavoidable delays, in three weeks and three days.—M. A. M.

Development of the World's Traffic

PROFESSOR SCHMOLLER of Berlin, probably the greatest Continental authority on questions connected with the development of modern nations, has published some most remarkable notes on the historical development of the traffic of the world, to which he has added statistical tables of more than usual interest. It was only, he points out, in comparatively recent times that a carrying trade has developed itself among the nations dwelling on the Mediterranean coast. The Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians and Romans all traded largely at sea, but the Romans were the first to build roads for the purposes of trade as well as of war. According to Professor Schmoller the European exports to India at a period fifty years before Christ only amounted to an annual value of £400,000. At the time of Luther (A.D. 1500) it had increased to a value of £2,500,000. At the present time it is £100,000,000. That is to say, in the first fifteen hundred years of our era this trade increased six-fold, while in the last four centuries it has increased forty-fold.

Turning to the extraordinary progress made

since the railway became our means of transit on land, Professor Schmoller takes as an illustration the traffic over the St. Gotthard. Taking 1 as the trade in the Middle Ages, he calculates that the trade of 1831 can be represented by 3, that of 1840 by 6½, while the trade of 1899 had sprung to 237. In other words, in the four centuries 1500—1800 this trade had increased three-fold, in the last seventy years of the nineteenth century it increased nearly eighty-fold. At the conclusion of his valuable investigations Professor Schmoller makes some no less valuable reflections. "These advantages," he says, "are often dearly bought by the disadvantages which they bring in their train. It cannot be denied that the hurry of modern life, and the increased ease of moving about from place to place, have brought about the fearful evils of selfishness, and the still worse evils of competition to a degree unknown to our forefathers. These are evils which will eventually tell with terrible effect on the development of the spiritual side of man's nature. It is the duty of the State and of the intellectual aristocracy to restore the harmony of life as it was in former generations. For of nations it is true just as it is of men—A man does not live by the multitude of his possessions."—M. A. M.

The Disappearance of a National Reproach

AMERICANS are determined to purge themselves of the reproach of a filthy habit which, in the mind of every reader of Dickens, is inevitably associated with the men of the United States. Nor did Dickens greatly exaggerate when he described the expectoral exploits of Mr. Hannibal Chollop, and it is hard to say when any feeling of mere decency and cleanliness would have prevailed over this vulgar national habit. The important discoveries concerning tuberculosis, and the knowledge that the germs of this most fatal disease are found in the mucus from the throat, and that consumption can be spread abroad through a habit of careless spitting, has, however, aroused the more thoughtful to a crusade against the habit. The health authorities have taken it up, and in every surface car in New York and Boston, and in all the neighbouring cities, notices are posted forbidding spitting in the cars. In the Boston cars any offender is threatened with a fine of fifty dollars, but in the New York cars no penalty is mentioned, and the notices were long merely an appeal to the sense of decency, of the passengers. Early in 1901, however, New Yorkers were awakened to

a sense of their duties in this matter by the public-spirited action of a lawyer, who called the attention of the car conductor to a particularly bad offender. The conductor refused to take any action, and the lawyer himself pressed the case, which ended in the imposition of a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs for the offender. Following the great improvement in the cleanliness of public conveyances, which has resulted from the enforcement of the new health rules, an effort is being made to keep free from contamination the post-offices, and other public buildings where men are in the habit of congregating, and also the sidewalks and pavements of the cities, and the hope is, that very shortly there will no longer be any reason to consider spitting as a peculiarly American offence.—A. G. P.

A Monopoly of Ice

ONE of the many great corporations which have recently come into existence to monopolise and control the industries of the United States is the Ice Trust. In the great cities of America ice is as much a necessity in the summer as coal is in the winter, and even the very poor are obliged to buy their daily piece of ice if they are to keep good and sweet their meat and milk, and other perishable foods. The ice supply in the eastern cities comes chiefly from the Hudson, and the rivers of Maine, the Kennebec and the Penobscot. The Ice Trust, which was organised early in 1900 with the object of controlling the supply of ice in New York and Boston, has complete control of the Maine rivers, and of more than half the storage capacity of the ice-houses of the Hudson. To ensure big dividends it greatly economised in expenditure during the winter of 1900-1, and during the summer of 1901 it intends to use up supplies of ice on hand and not to store in excess of the demand, as was done in the past, when ice was supplied by competing companies. The Company has sixty-nine ice-houses on the Hudson, with a capacity of 1,884,000 tons.

The Maine rivers have an advantage over the Hudson in the greater purity of their water, which is not contaminated by the sewage of any large town or city. On the Maine rivers, however, no ice was cut by the Trust last winter, as it was reckoned that there were still in storage some 400,000 tons of ice on the Kennebec, and about 40,000 on the Penobscot, which will supply all that is needed to supplement the Hudson crop. This may be sound policy and economic

business for the Trust, but it was the cause of serious suffering in Maine, where the ice harvest is one of the chief industries of the winter.

A. G. P.

Government Seeds in the United States

CURIOSLY reminiscent of the early days of the Commonwealth, when the United States was a nation of farmers, is the annual distribution of seeds by the members of Congress to their constituents. Sixty years ago Congress appropriated one thousand dollars for the purpose of obtaining seeds of new or rare varieties, which might reasonably be expected to be capable of acclimatisation in some part or other of the United States. From this small beginning there has grown up a custom of making appropriations each year for the purchase of seeds, appropriations which now amount to over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The introduction of new varieties has been lost sight of, and the only purpose now served by this distribution is to keep the members of Congress in touch with their rural constituents. The appropriation usually meets with considerable opposition, as being both extravagant and useless, and also as interfering with the legitimate seed business. It is also urged that there is no more justice in giving free seeds to farmers than there would be in giving free coal to manufacturers, or free books to teachers. All this opposition to the seed distribution culminated about seven years ago in a suspension of the custom, which was then optional with the Secretary of Agriculture, but when the Republican party—the party of the farmer—recovered power, the distribution was made mandatory, and this year each representative has had allotted to him nine thousand packages, each package containing five or six varieties of seeds. The putting up of the seeds, which was formerly done entirely by girls, is now done by a newly-patented machine which can fill and seal seventy envelopes a minute. Eight of these machines and a force of one hundred girls are required to prepare the packages for the three hundred and fifty-seven Congressmen, and the Congressmen then have to employ a considerable force to address and dispatch the packages. Whether or not the seeds are of real use to the farmer, he enjoys the feeling of consequence that is given by a personal communication from his Congressman, and he would probably resent a cessation of these annual reminders of his importance as a voter and constituent.—A. G. P.

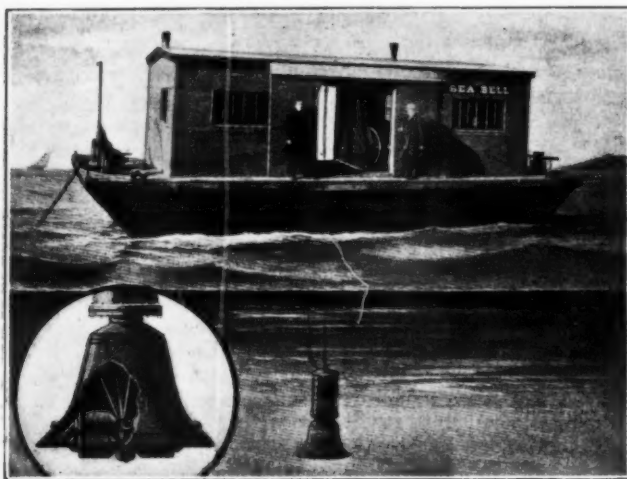
Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Submarine Signalling

THE fact that water is a much better conductor of sound than air is utilised in a method of submarine signalling invented by the late Prof. E. Gray and Mr. A. J. Mundy, and shown in the accompanying illustration from the *Scientific American*. A large bell, which can be rung electrically, is sunk about twenty feet in water, either through the bottom of a lightship or by anchoring it to a buoy, and the sounds thus produced are carried through the water for considerable distances. Up to a distance of three miles, the sound of the bell can

strength of the sound was only slightly less; and even at a distance of twelve miles the sound could not only be heard clearly, but it was also strong enough to start an automatic signal on the steamer having the experts on board. Arrangements are being made to anchor two bells of different pitch five miles apart on each side of the light at the mouth of Boston harbour, U.S.A. The bells will be suspended from buoys and anchored to moorings in such a way that their positions will remain unchanged. The electric power for ringing them will be supplied from insulated cables from the shore, and the bells will be rung automatically at regular intervals.



NEW METHOD OF SUBMARINE SIGNALLING

be heard on a ship by fixing an ordinary ear-trumpet upon a piece of tubing and submerging it a few feet in the sea after sealing the mouth with a thin sheet of metal. For greater distances, Prof. Gray invented a special form of receiver, which will sound a gong automatically when a ship comes within a given distance of one of the submerged bells. A bell of this kind placed near a dangerous reef would thus set up an automatic alarm on a ship equipped with the receiver, and coming within the radius of danger. A practical test of the apparatus was made at the end of last year, in the presence of experts and Government officials, and the results appear to have been satisfactory. At a distance of one and a third miles the sound of the bell was very loud and distinct; at four miles the sound was quite as distinct and almost as loud as before; at eight miles there was no loss of distinctness, and the

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The Suction of Quick Trains

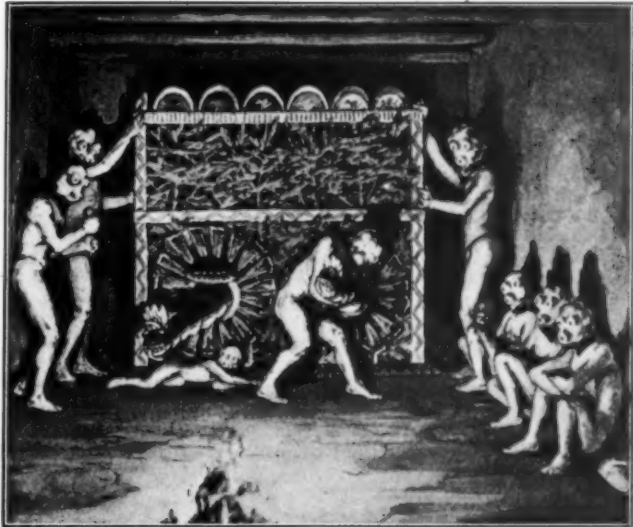
THE common belief that a person standing near a rapidly-moving train is to some extent drawn towards the train and may be forced under it, receives some support from an investigation made by Professor F. E. Nipher. The experiments were undertaken in connection with the case of a boy who had been killed by a passing train. The boy was seen to topple over without being struck by the train, and to roll under the wheels. He was apparently knocked down by the blow of the air-current produced by the train, and was given sufficient rotation to carry him under the wheels. Such

accidents are not common, because no person of mature age and unfamiliar with train effects would voluntarily place himself so near a moving train at high speed as is necessary to result in danger. Railway-men think nothing of standing near a stationary train and one passing at full speed, because they unconsciously prepare themselves for the effect produced by it. The experiments made by Professor Nipher show that with a train moving at a rate of forty miles an hour, the pressure due to the air current it causes is about two and a half pounds per square foot upon an object at a distance of two and a half feet from the side of the train. With higher velocities the pressure is, of course, greater than this. It is not uncommon to see hats blown from the heads of people standing several yards away from a railway-line, by the air-draught of a fast express train, and there is little doubt that the force

of the wind produced in this way may prove a real source of danger to persons taken unawares.

An Indian Mystery Play

DR. J. W. FEWKES, who has devoted a large amount of attention to the dramatic performances and religious ceremonies of American Indians, has recently described a performance that takes place among the Hopi Indians at Walpi every year, at the time of the March moon. Two of the acts in this performance are represented in the accompanying pictures, and it will be noticed that effigies of snakes occupy a conspicuous place in them. These effigies are moved by men behind the screen; and in the first picture two of them are shown to be destroying the imitation corn-field in front of the screen, while at the right-hand side a masked human figure is shown holding forward a tray of meal as food to the serpents. The second picture shows the fifth act, in which a man is represented struggling with a serpent, and a youthful performer has crawled near the screen to get away from the snake which is searching for him. The whole act is a realistic

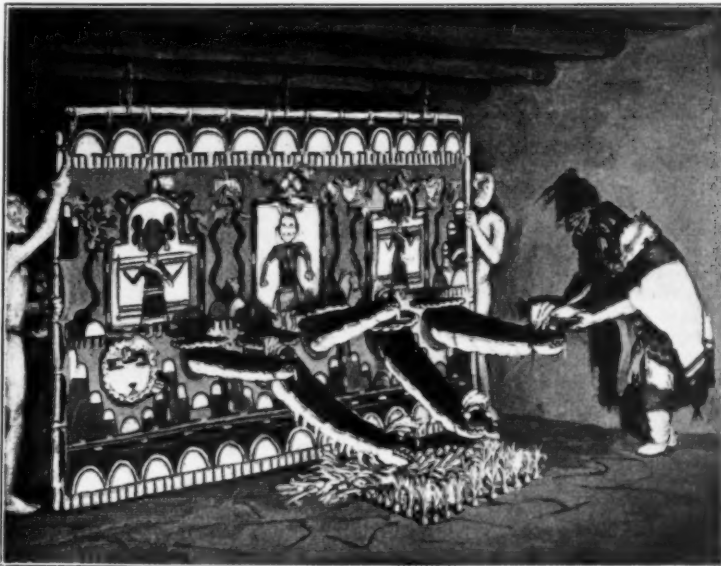


STRUGGLE OF SERPENTS WITH MEN. 5TH ACT OF INDIAN MYSTERY PLAY

representation of the struggle of man with the serpent. Dr. Fewkes states that the actors in the drama are personations of mythical or supernatural beings. The effigies represent the great serpent, a supernatural character of much importance in all the Hopi legends. This being is associated with a great flood which is believed to have driven the Indians from their original home, and it is held that he did not disappear until

children had been sacrificed to him. The snake effigies knocking over the miniature field of corn symbolise destruction by flood and wind brought by the great serpent. The masked men represent ancients struggling with the monsters who would destroy the farms of man; and the scene shows in a symbolic way the contest of early man with supernatural powers which would set at nought the labours of the agriculturists. The performance is thus a mystery play of a religious nature, and while affording entertainment to the spectators,

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SERPENT SCREEN. 1ST ACT OF INDIAN MYSTERY PLAY

Science and Discovery

also instructs them in the mysteries of the Hopi religion.

New Stars

THE new star which was discovered independently by several astronomers on February 21 and 22 is the brightest object of its kind that has appeared in the sky for nearly three hundred years. A photograph taken on February 19 showed no trace of the object, so that in less than three days a star of the first magnitude appeared in a place where nothing visible had previously existed. Since then its light has rapidly waned, and probably by the time this is read it will be invisible to the naked eye. It is evident from the sudden appearance and fading away of the object that the word star applied to it is misleading. With few exceptions, the stars which we see in the heavens at the present time are practically the same as regards brilliancy as they were when observed a thousand years ago. They are suns, fashioned in millions of years from a formless fiery mist, and retaining their power of shining for similar immense periods. Analysis of the light of the new star recently observed gives reasons for believing that the appearance was produced by the collision of two swarms of dark particles in space. The heat developed by the accident would be sufficient to drive some of the constituents into a condition of vapour and render them luminous. When the two swarms of rocky particles had passed one another, the light produced by the impact would soon fade out, and this is what has actually occurred. If the collision had been between two solid globes, the mass of luminous material produced would have remained a permanent addition to celestial objects already known, instead of a merely transitory light.

A New Copying Process

AN ingenious method of obtaining copies of plates, engravings, printing and writing, without the use of a camera has recently been described by the Rev. F. Jervis-Smith in *Nature*. A piece of cardboard is coated with luminous paint or other phosphorescent substance, and is then exposed to the light of the sun, or of burning magnesium wire, for a short time, to absorb luminous radiations. The cardboard is placed at the back of the picture to be copied, and an ordinary dry photographic plate is placed upon the face, with its sensitive side touching the engraving. The book is then wrapped in a cloth to prevent the admission of light, and left for about half-an-hour. The radiations from the phosphorescent substance strike through the engraving, and when the photographic plate is developed in the usual way a copy of the picture is found upon it. The method will evidently be found of decided value in reproducing small engravings and old writings from books in libraries where the volumes are not permitted to be taken away.

The photographic plate is easily manipulated under a cloth, which shuts off all light and covers the book during the operation. The method is, however, not applicable where both sides of the pages are used for the printing or writing.

Prof. Dewar finds that liquid hydrogen boils at a temperature of 453 degrees of frost, that is 421° Fahr. below zero, and that liquid oxygen boils at a temperature of 327 degrees of frost, or 295° Fahr. below zero.

Aluminium is being largely used in the United States instead of copper to convey electric currents from one place to another. The only serious objection to it is that unless quite pure it is corroded much more easily than copper by the air and fumes of towns.

Ozone is generally believed to destroy the microbes of many diseases. Recent experiments, however, by Dr. A. Ransome and Mr. A. G. R. Foulerton, prove that ozone in a dry state, and under the conditions in which it occurs in nature, is not capable of any injurious action on bacteria.

Mr. E. St. John Lyburn has examined one hundred and ten samples of rocks from various parts of Ireland, to determine the amount of gold or silver in them. The highest assay gave four pennyweights of pure gold per ton; this sample was obtained from a quartz vein, about eight inches wide, on the Croghan Kinshelagh mountain, and in the immediate vicinity of the Government workings of 1798.

From an examination of meteorological records at Greenwich, Mr. A. B. MacDowall finds that in the last sixty years a temperature lower than twelve degrees of frost has been registered on 162 days. The greatest number in any one year was fourteen in 1855; next comes 1895 with eleven, and 1881 with ten. The month in which the greatest number of these very cold days have occurred is January, with sixty-eight of them, the remainder being distributed as follows:—December, forty-five; February, forty-two; March, five; November, two.

It is often stated that the relatively mild climate of North-western Europe is due to the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, but this has been completely disproved. The mildness is due to the drift of the atmosphere which distributes over Europe the heat conserved by the whole Atlantic Ocean. Mr. H. M. Watts states that the Gulf Stream is not distinguishable in temperature from the rest of the ocean by the time it gets east of Newfoundland; and if it were by any possibility diverted at the Straits of Florida, the climate of the British Isles would not be altered in the faintest degree.



Who said it First?

MR. RICHARD PIPER writes to us:—

With reference to the paragraph "Who said it First," on the "Varieties" page in the *March Leisure Hour*, and your remarks on "The true use of Speech," you will find the same sentiment expressed in "Le Chapon et la Poulard" by Voltaire:—

"They only employ words for the purpose of concealing their thoughts."

I rather think this would be written before 1759.

Dr. Young also has it in *Satire II*, line 207, but this would be later.

Frances Walker, Clonbrin, Kildare, Ireland, writes to us:—

I find in Webster's *Dictionary of Quotations* the following under heading 'Speech': "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts—ils n'employent les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées."—*Voltaire*.

"When nature's end of language is declined

And men talk only to conceal the mind."

Young.

The germ of the above saying is to be met with in Jeremy Taylor, but South, Butler, Young, Lloyd, and Goldsmith have repeated it after him.

A Manchester reader writes:—

Talleyrand said, "Speech has been given to man to disguise his thoughts."

An Early Reminiscence of Sidney Cooper, R.A. (who is now in his ninety-eighth year, and contributes four paintings to this year's Academy)

(From the diary of the late Anne Beale)

July 12, 1848.—At six p.m., Annie, Bessie, and I went to drink tea with the Kings. Cooper the artist was there, and his two daughters. He is a most amusing man, and so good-natured. He sat down to some drawing-paper and pencils, prepared for him, and drew and talked, just as easily as if he were twirling his thumbs. We all stood round looking on, and I cut his pencils, which, he said, were very well cut for a lady. He improvised, in about half-an-hour, two drawings, one of cattle, the other of trees and water, in the most magnificent style. Afterwards he gave me quite a lesson upon touches, and all done in the most unaffected way possible. It

was doubtful who was to have the drawings, and caused much mirth. I had one awarded to me—the trees, the best—and Bessie fairly carried off the other by her singing. We had a most amusing supper, Cooper saying the quaintest things in the world, in which his daughter helped him—a dark, clever girl, whom he called his "Mulligatawney." Bessie's singing was beautiful, her voice in full force. We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. They asked us to come to Mr. Cooper's house, and see his paintings.

July 27, 1848.—After dinner we all proceeded to Mr. Cooper's. Fortunately, he was at home, and engaged in painting. We went up to his studio, and he received us most kindly. He had a beautiful painting of cattle on the easel. His mode of working is curious. He finishes entirely as he goes. For example, there was a splendid piece of rock (I have trod on such a one in Wales), and three sheep, seemingly living and breathing, quite finished; a little bit of lovely, sunny distance and sky, also finished; the head and front part of a large cow, also perfectly completed; the hind quarters and all the foreground of the picture not touched—pure white, without even a shade upon it. The whole painting was lovely, so were all the studies in his room. There was the cast of the head of a large cow, which, he said, he had had taken because he could not finish the painting from the original. The head had been cut off for him, and he had worked from it one week in his room during the winter. He had one large painting of the Battle of Waterloo there, which he called "Cooper's folly," and which he had sold for a thousand guineas. Mr. King told me afterwards that he was building a splendid house near Canterbury, where he was born; and that he had one day called all his poor relations together to a capital dinner at an inn in that place, and before quitting them, had put £5 into the hand of each. He has been wholly the founder of his own fortune. He told us an anecdote of Lee, his brother artist. When he was sketching in Wales, a boy was looking on most attentively. At last, as the work went on, the boy after fidgeting in his pocket, said, "Sir, is that for sale now? How much do it cost?" Mr. Lee said it was not for sale. The boy looked disappointed, but repeated his approval of the work, saying, that "if it hadn't been anything above 4d. he'd a bought it; for he thought it was very fine and very like." Lee was so charmed that he said he would have made the boy a

Varieties

copy of it had he had time. Mr. Cooper said he should be very glad to see Bessie any day, and would make her pay him with a song for seeing his paintings. He is so unaffected, and seems to think nothing of himself.

A Daily Counsel

NEVER fear and never fret;
Never hurry nor forget;
Never pine in vain regret;
Learn from trouble you have met;
Firmest purpose strive to get,
Love to all your only debt;
Do the work which God has set,
Living thus you'll conquer yet.

F. MANN.

Our correspondent's counsel reminds us of Professor Blackie's:

"Never hurry, never worry,
Never fret and fume;
If the devil shows his face,
Bid him leave the room."

Snipe and Hermit Crabs

ON all of the low-lying islands of the Ellice, Kingsmill, and Gilbert Groups a species of snipe are very plentiful. On the islands which enclose the noble lagoon of Funafuti in the Ellice Group they are to be met with in great numbers, and in dull, rainy weather an ordinarily good shot may get thirty or forty in a few hours. One day, accompanied by a native lad, I set out to collect hermit crabs to be used as fish-bait. These curious creatures are to be found almost anywhere in the equatorial islands of the Pacific, their shell houses ranging in size from that of a pea to an orange, and if a piece of cocoanut or fish or any other edible matter is left out over-night, hundreds of hermits will be gathered around it in the morning. To extract the crabs from their shells, which are of all shapes and kinds, is a very simple matter—the hard casing is broken by placing them upon a large stone and striking them a sharp blow with one of lesser size. My companion and myself soon collected a heap of "hermits," when presently he took one up in his hand, and holding it close to his mouth, whistled softly. In a few moments the crab protruded one nipper, then another, then its thin red antennae, and allowed the boy to take its head between his finger and thumb, and draw its entire body from its shell casing.

"That is the way the *kili* (snipe) get the *uga* from its shell," he said. "The *kili* stands over the *uga* and whistles softly, and the *uga* puts out his head to listen. Then the bird seizes it in his bill, gives it a backward jerk, and off flies the shell."

Now, I had often noticed that wherever hermit crabs were plentiful along the outer beaches of the lagoon, there was I sure to find snipe, and sometimes wondered on what

the birds fed. Taking up two or three "hermits," one by one, I whistled gently, and in each case the creature protruded the nippers, head and shoulders, and moved its antennae to and fro as if pleasurably excited.

On the following day I shot three snipe, and in the stomachs of each I found some quite fresh, and some partly digested hermit crabs. The thick hard nippers are broken off by the bird before he swallows the soft, tender body.

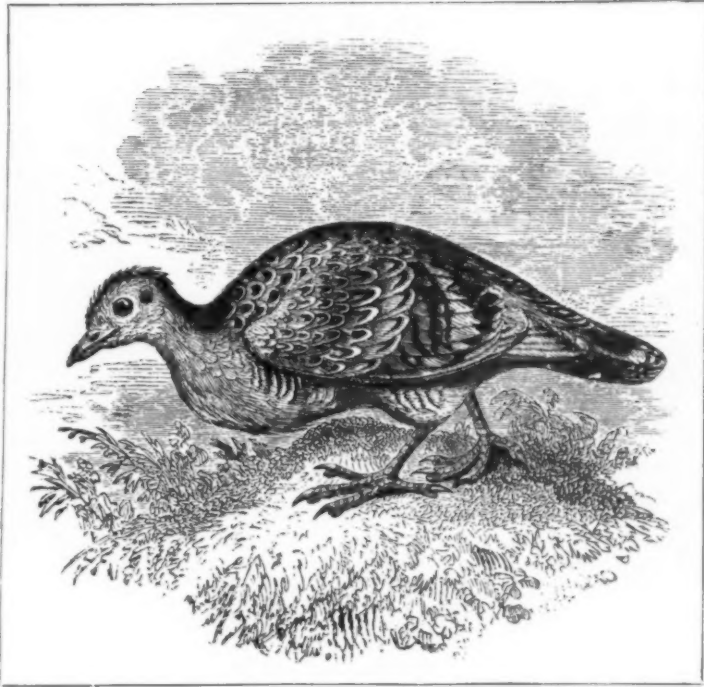
L. B.

The Lowan, or Mallee Pheasant of Australia

THE Lowan, the native name of this beautiful bird, is an inhabitant of the dense scrub that covers a great portion of the banks of the river Murray, and extending to the northern side of that magnificent stream to a considerable distance. Belonging to the order of the *Gallide*, the Mallee pheasant approaches in size to that of the guinea-fowl. Of the same colour and resembling in appearance the British partridge, although exceeding the latter bird a great deal in bulk, its habits are so peculiar as to attract the attention of any traveller who may happen to view the bird in the gloomy solitudes it frequents. Its native name is derived from the plaintive cry it utters when disturbed by anything uncommon approaching, and resembles in sound the low booming of the bittern. In the interior of the dense scrub the nests of these birds were very numerous in days bygone, and when opened have been known to contain from ten to twenty-five eggs. The latter are about twice and sometimes almost three times the size of an ordinary goose egg, and of a pink colour. The extraordinary method adopted by the parent bird to bring its brood to maturity is only exceeded by the curious formation of the nest. The formation of this curious structure consists of a quantity of dry twigs and grass, carefully placed in the interior of a cavity, about two feet in diameter, previously hollowed out on the surface of the ground. On this the parent bird deposits her egg in an upright position, the small end downwards, keeping them in position by scratching around the sand and gravel previously thrown out from the body of the nest; after laying her complement, the eggs are totally covered up, the nest at this time having the appearance of a large ant-hill, about six or seven feet in circumference, and three feet high; they are left to be hatched by the heat of the sun's rays; the male and female alternately uncovering a portion of the nest in the middle of the day, allowing the heat to penetrate more fully its covering. Each evening the sand and gravel are carefully replaced; the eggs being thus protected from the night dews. After a lapse of about twenty-one days the young may be seen, like those of the common partridge, making their exit from the nest with a portion of the shell still adhering, and at once set up in business for themselves, the parent bird taking no further trouble in their education.

The food of the Lowan consists of the seeds of numerous species of heath that abound in the scrub, as well as insects, grubs, etc. The eggs are very palatable, and so large that one would form a tolerable breakfast for a hungry traveller or bushman. The black-fellows in the neighbourhood of the mallee scrub at one time subsisted greatly during one portion of the year upon this dainty of the wilderness. The flesh of this bird is also very delicate, and the number of eggs it lays during the season would render it a valuable addition to the fowl-yard, but like many other birds in captivity it does not seem to have succeeded, and is apt to run wild if not actually enclosed.

F. P. K.



THE LOWAN, OR MALLEE PHEASANT

Astronomical Notes for May

THE Sun rises in the latitude of Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 4h. 35m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 20m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 4h. 17m., and sets at 7h. 36m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 3m., and sets at 7h. 52m. The Moon will be Full at 6h. 19m. on the evening of the 3rd; enter her Last Quarter at 2h. 38m. on the afternoon of the 11th; become New at 5h. 38m. on the morning of the 18th; and enter her First Quarter at 5h. 40m. on that of the 25th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd; in perigee, or nearest us, about 7 o'clock on that of the 17th (about which time exceptionally high tides may be expected); and in apogee again about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th. A penumbral eclipse of the Moon will take place on the evening of the 3rd; that is, one in which no part of the Moon enters the Earth's shadow, but only the penumbra or partial darkness surrounding it. The middle of this eclipse will be at 6h. 31m. in the evening, but the Moon does not rise at Greenwich until 7h. 28m., so that only the latter part of the phenomenon (which terminates at 8h. 55m. Greenwich time) will be visible in England, and it will be best seen further to the east. A total eclipse of the

Sun will take place on the morning of the 18th, but no part of it will be visible either in Europe or America. The central line will pass from the south of Madagascar across the Indian Ocean through Mauritius to Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the southern part of New Guinea. In places where the duration of totality is longest, it will last for six and a half minutes, which is within about a minute of the longest time a total eclipse of the Sun can last. The eclipse will be partial in south-eastern Africa, south India and China, and the whole of Australia, about a quarter of the Sun being covered at Adelaide, and about the same amount at Hong Kong. The planet Mercury will become visible in the evening towards the end of the month, situated in the western part of the constellation Gemini. Venus is at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 1st, and even at the end of the month sets only about half-an-hour after him. Mars is in the constellation Leo, not far from its brightest star, Regulus, at the beginning of the month, and moving slowly towards the east, whilst diminishing in brightness; he will be due south at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 10th and near the Moon (to the north of her) on that of the 25th. Jupiter rises soon after midnight at the beginning of the month, and earlier each night; he is in Sagittarius, and Saturn is at no great distance to the east of him, rising a few minutes later and in the same constellation.—W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club

(See Special Conditions for Colonial Readers)

PRIZE QUOTATIONS

A May Morning

1. "In dim recesses hyacinths drooped,
And breadths of primrose lit the air,
Which, wandering through the woodland
stooped,
And gathered perfumes here and there."
Palmore.
2. "The whole wood-world is one full peal of
praise."—*Tennyson.*
3. "Oh! that we two were maying,
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze,
Like children with violets playing,
In the shade of the whispering trees."
Kingsley.
4. "Warmly and broadly the south winds are
blowing, over the sky,
One after another the white clouds are
fleeting;
Every heart this May morning in joyance is
beating."—*Tennyson.*
5. "Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new."—*Tennyson.*

The prize of FIVE SHILLINGS offered for the happiest quotation is awarded this month to *M. Dawson, Seagoe Rectory, Portadown.*

The next subject is "Life in the Country" (prose quotations only). Quotations to be posted, on cards, not later than 15th May.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN COMPETITORS.—Prize of the same value. Competitors residing outside Europe may send quotations so as to reach this office not later than 15th August.

SHAKESPEARIAN SEARCH ACROSTICS

SECOND SERIES.

(May to August.)

TWO GUINEAS will be awarded in prizes to successful solvers of this series of four acrostics. Answers to be received by the 15th of each month.

First of Four

1. "Within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor
And with advantage means to pay thy—."
2. "with some sweet oblivious—
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous
stuff
Which weighs upon the heart."
3. "not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but com-
manding peace,
Even with the same austerity and garb,
As he controlled the—."

WHOLE

"Now if these men have defeated the—and
outrun native punishment, though they can out-
strip men, they have no wings to fly from God."

(Find omitted words, and give Act and Scene of each quotation.)

SHAKESPEARIAN SEARCH ACROSTICS

AWARDS IN FIRST SERIES.

No less than fifteen competitors have been successful in solving all five acrostics (from November till March) successfully. The prize-money of Two Guineas has been therefore increased to Three Pounds, Fifteen Shillings, and divided amongst them—postal orders for Five Shillings each being sent to—

M. Blanchard; E. R. Coode; Mrs. Dobbs; Miss M. Dunnett; W. Finlayson; A. Hickes; E. C. Jolly; M. R. Moody; E. Pratt; Miss Procter; Mrs. Robinson; H. R. Ramsbotham; L. Short; Miss Satter; Miss J. Wigham. Should any of these competitors enter for the second series of acrostics, beginning this month, they will be handicapped three points each, at the end of the series.

ANSWER TO FIFTH ACROSTIC.

(Required words are italicised.)

1. This will so fright them both, that they will
kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.
Twelfth Night, Act III. sc. iv.
2. Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference.
As You Like It, Act II. sc. i.
3. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd *livery* of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Merchant of Venice, Act II. sc. i.
4. Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in *Elysium*.—Hen. V., Act IV. sc. i.
5. But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this *nettle*,
danger, we pluck this flower, safety.
1 Hen. IV., Act II. sc. iii.
6. Is this a *dagger* which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?
Macbeth, Act II. sc. i.
7. How that might change his nature, there's
the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the
adder.—Julius Caesar, Act II. sc. i.
8. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you;
he taught me how to know a man in love;
in which cage of *rushes*, I am sure, you are
not prisoner.
As You Like It, Act III. sc. ii.

WHOLE. Look in the calendar, and bring me
word.—Julius Caesar, Act II. sc. i.

NOTE.—All answers must have "Fireside Club" written outside envelope, must contain competitor's name and address, and must reach the Editor, 56 Paternoster Row, by the 15th of the month.

Colonial answers received up to 15th Aug.

No papers for any other competition to be included in envelope for "Fireside Club."



Fitting up the Home

THERE are two household difficulties, from one of which ninety-nine per cent. of our domesticated women seem to suffer. The first is lack of properties for the home, the second is excess of these, the burden of possessions too good to sacrifice, unnecessary for utility, and an absolute failure in the matter of beauty. Now the second of these troubles is frequently the corollary of the first. People with little to spend and what seems, when unfurnished, a capacious house to fill, load up with what they consider essentials, and inevitably collect articles of inferior quality which, when fresh and new, may have a certain air of smartness, but when dingy are deplorable; being in possession, these continue to hold the field when better articles could be afforded later.

Could those who have purchased their wisdom in the costly market of experience collect the whole into one small pellet for presentation to the wayfarer following in their footsteps, it might be summarised thus: "never let anything objectionable, whether people or property, fasten itself on your life; if you do, only an incision to the vitals will cut it out." This seems a serious mandate regarding tables and chairs, but inexorable laws of life fix themselves even to furniture; it is inevitable that what we acquire shall assimilate itself to what we already possess, as what we become derives from what we are or strive to be. Put floral papers on the walls and big-patterned carpets on the floors, and the art of Walter Crane would fail subsequently to evolve an artistic home.

As poverty is a prevalent trouble, let it be assumed that, starting a home, we are poor, there is a house to be furnished, and perhaps but a hundred and fifty pounds to provide everything except the house linen, which was the bride's contribution, and the silver and pretty things that formed the wedding-presents. Now the first thing to be considered by those who aim at making the home not only a place of shelter, but a pleasant and picturesque abode, is not how many things can we get for our money, but how few things are actually indispensable.

The aspect of the house when unfurnished materially affects the properties necessary to give it a look of habitation subsequently. Windows with a pleasant outlook, say on a bit of green turf, a sunny paper on the walls, a flowing design of yellow on a lighter yellow, let us say, the paint creamy-white, the hearth tiled with small tiles without pattern and all in one colour, yellow, brown, or red, the mantelpiece matching the woodwork of the room in tint; with such a framework to fill in, a drawing-room might be evolved for twenty-five pounds, into which no lady need blush to introduce her friends.

Let it be borne in mind that the room is inartistic which has more than three colours entering into its arrangement, two main colours, and a third for decorative purposes. This will not preclude an ornament of glass or china, a plant in an artistic pot of a fourth hue, but in the main the inexperienced will do well to confine themselves to two harmonious colours, and a third for ornamentation. Creamy-white and yellow, deepening to brown, are all notes in the same octave of colour, wherewith the second or contrasting colour might be red, green or blue. The contrast might be made in the carpet. At present exceedingly artistic carpets are woven in Ireland. The colours are vegetable colours, and are very soft in tone, and the pattern a detached one on an absolutely plain ground. The effect is exceedingly good. The make is like that of the familiar art carpet, but the design is much better. I bought one recently, the ground olive-green, the design a Cæsar's laurel wreath in yellow surrounding a harp at intervals of twelve inches, the whole having a conventional border. These carpets cost from £2 5s. to £5, according to size; they are very restful to live with, and will suit any apartment.

When furnishing on limited means two or three articles should be bought of good quality, for the drawing-room the chiffonier, let us say, and a settee, these are the things intended for permanence, while the cheaper articles should be selected with a view to their acceptance in one of several other apartments when time

Wives, Mothers, and Maids

renders better things available for the best rooms. Basket chairs with frilled cushions cost about 12s. 6d. each; these will look pretty in the drawing-room, and when they have to make way for a Chippendale, Sheraton, or Empire chair at six times the price, will prove very acceptable in a bedroom, nursery, or morning-room.

Dwarf bookcases can be had in many qualities, from the cheap and tidy matting and bamboo, up to the costly rosewood. These are improved both in aspect and utility if a curtain of thin silk or wide sash ribbon is hung over the lower shelf. Bookcases made to order can have arched recesses to divide the shelves, these give a lighter look to the drawing-room bookcase, while the curtain will cover the shabbier books that take refuge behind it.

To make a drawing-room look home-like and cosy, the comfort of every occupant of every chair should be considered. The upright chairs are for flying visitors, the easy-chairs for those who remain; each easy-chair should therefore have a little table near it, and books, periodicals, or other sources of occupation within reach. Too many seats are the bane of badly-furnished rooms. On no account should the suite of eleven seats be purchased by any one; a settee and two chairs of one pattern are quite enough, the remaining seats to vary in design and covering.

There should be at least one table of good shape and of foreign wood in the drawing-room, a Chippendale mahogany small table with undershelf will cost about 35s. A delightful possession is a nest of tables, four fitting, the one under the other, so that together they look like one, while apart each stands on its own merits, but these are too costly for the beginner in furnishing, who can supplement her best table with the bamboo flap tables, or with the little square tables that have four stained legs, an undershelf and a plain deal top; this can be stained at home and covered with a fancy cover. The table that must be eschewed is the gipsy table.

While waiting for the cupboard overmantel, which is the prettiest thing of its kind, costing in enamelled wood about £4 4s., the beginner can secure a very good effect with a set of Moorish arches, which cost in plain wood about 6s. 6d. When painted to match the mantel-piece they can either rest on it or be hung a

foot above it; in the former case they afford two, and in the latter case three shelves for ornaments.

Plain serge curtains, yellow or light brown, edged with ball-binding will cost, with their curtain-pole and rings, about 15s. per window; under them should be frilled muslin or guipure blinds cut the length of the window and fixed with their brass rods and patent fasteners on the bead which holds the window itself in place. These will cost about 6s. per window. Where the over curtains run lightly on the poles they should hang straight and just touch the ground, when drawn at night they save the expense of roller-blinds, while the muslin blinds cost much less to provide and wash than the familiar lace curtains, look much prettier and leave the window space available.

A low revolving bookcase is a very desirable possession, it costs from £2, holds a multitude of volumes, is decorative and useful, while the flat top will act as a table, lamp or plant stand.

A black curb fender with brass fire-dogs and fire-irons will cost about 30s. Where the hearth is pretty and the carpet reaches to the fender a hearth-rug is quite unnecessary.

All the essentials here mentioned, carpet, curtains, fire fixtures, cabinets, bookcases, seats and tables, could be had to please the eye and give satisfactory wear for about £20. With more money available several other properties would follow,—a Chippendale, or Louis Seize draught screen, a piano, piano-seat, and music-cabinet, some autotypes, etchings, or engravings for the walls, a writing-desk, and wastepaper-basket; or a cabinet-desk, comprising on one side desk and shelves, and on the other side brackets for china, shelves, and music receptacle, to open and shut on the principle of the cabinet coal-box. Such cost about £8 8s. in mahogany or rose-wood.

VERITY.

Answers to correspondents in next issue.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



Our Chess Page

Solving Competition still open. Ten Guineas in Prizes

Our "page" this month consists of another batch of problems for **The Solving Competition**, the rules for which are to be found in the *Leisure Hour* for March. These problems have been selected by Messrs. Stevens and Andrew from those submitted for competition in our late Problem Tourney. The criticism of solvers as to their respective merits is invited.

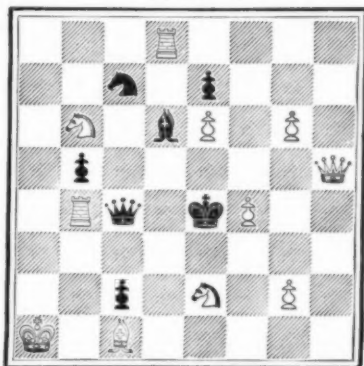
Solutions must be sent in by June 1. Solvers

living out of Europe will be allowed ten weeks' extension of time.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked **CHESS** on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket on the Contents page of advertisements.*

No. 10. *Leisure Hour, II.*

BLACK—7 MEN

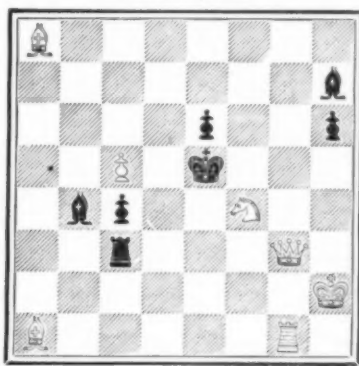


WHITE—11 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

No. 11. *Nydia.*

BLACK—7 MEN

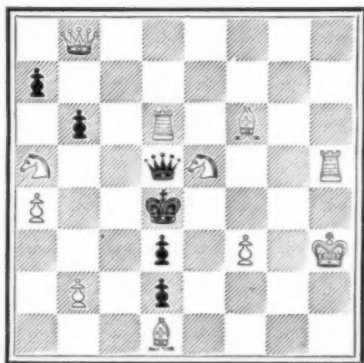


WHITE—7 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

No. 12. *Pitti Sing.*

BLACK—6 MEN

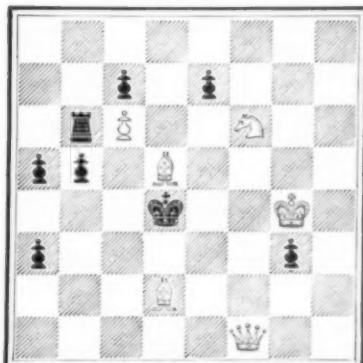


WHITE—11 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

No. 13. *Annibal ante Portas.*

BLACK—8 MEN



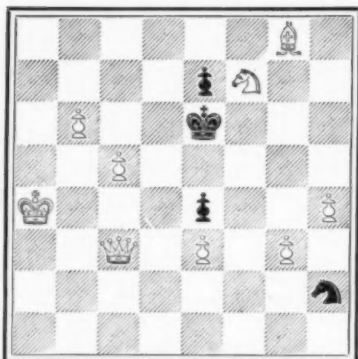
WHITE—6 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

Our Chess Page

No. 14. *Let us have peace.*

BLACK—4 MEN

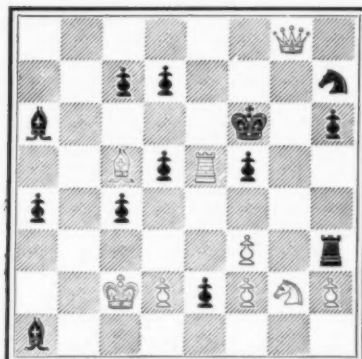


WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 15. *"What I loved best in this world has gone for ever."*

BLACK—13 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

Two more problems will be given next month, with which this competition will close.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

COMPETITION II. RESULT

Best Essay on "The Future of the Australian Commonwealth."

Prize, Five Pounds:

GEORGE H. WILLIS, Nathalia, Victoria, Australia.

Prize, One Guinea:

HEDLEY VICARS O'MEAGHER, "Crom-a-boo," Lower Ocean Street, Double Bay, Sydney.

Two Prizes, Half-a-Guinea Each:

H. ST. A. MERCER, Airdale, Edgecliff Road, Woollahra, Sydney; FREDERICK M. KÖRNER, "Willyama," St. Paul Street, Randwick, Sydney.

Very Highly Commended:

CHARLES DALEY, Stawell, Victoria, Australia; C. R. PARSONS, The Avenue, St. Kilda, Melbourne.

Highly Commended:

E. A. BAKER, Gloucester Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.; MRS. JEAN C. ROBINSON, B.A., Canter-

bury Road, Box Hill, Melbourne; ALICIA CATHARINE ANDERSON, Evandale Road, Malvern, Melbourne.

COMPETITION 12. RESULT

Best Essay on "Life in New Zealand."

Prize, Five Pounds:

MISS C. E. CHEESEMAN, Bemuera, Auckland, New Zealand.

Two Prizes, Half-a-Guinea Each:

JOHN PENNELL, c/o Editor *Otago Witness*, Triangle, Dunedin, New Zealand; SAMUEL V. BRACHER, West Street, Fielding, New Zealand.

Highly Commended:

TOM L. MILLS, Wellington, New Zealand.

Commended:

OLIVER JOHNSON, Palmerston North, New Zealand; A. B. R. FOOKES, New Plymouth, New Zealand.

A CORRECTION

In the article on "The Signal Haulyards of the Empire" (February *L. H.*, p. 271, line 3)

for

H O U R

is printed by mistake